Is Jersey Justice Railroading Six to Death?—Page 6

NATIONAL GUARDIAN
the progressive newsweekly

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RAY C THOMAS

Wallace, Truman Even, Dewey 3rd, In New York Poll; 56 P.C. Undecided

NATIONAL GUARDIAN has come into possession of the results of a secret Presidential poll conducted in three boroughs of New York City, which indicate that other polling agencies may have seriously misrepresented the preferences of New Yorkers on the Presidency.

Conducted originally among a scientific sampling of the N. Y. Jewish community and tested among other groups, the secret poll discloses that the number of N. Y. voters whose preferences were "undetermined" as late as one month before election day might top 56 per cent, as against 15 per cent reported "undecided" in the same period and area by other polls.

"Had Enough War"

In the original group polled, 56.2 were undecided, 18 per cent were for Truman, 17 per cent for Wallace, 8 per cent for Dewey and a fraction of one per cent for Norman Thomas. Most frequent reasons given for preferences were: Dewey, "country needs a change"; Truman, "always vote Democratic"; Wallace, "had enough war."

Significant was the fact that, although the first group polled was almost entirely Jewish, none gave the Palestine situation as a reason for preference although more than 50 per cent referred to foreign policy generally.

The poll found that the Wallace campaign had made "a deep impression" on Roosevelt supporters, adding that "fear of war" was the greatest single influence on the women's vote in the current campaign.

Five Groups Polled

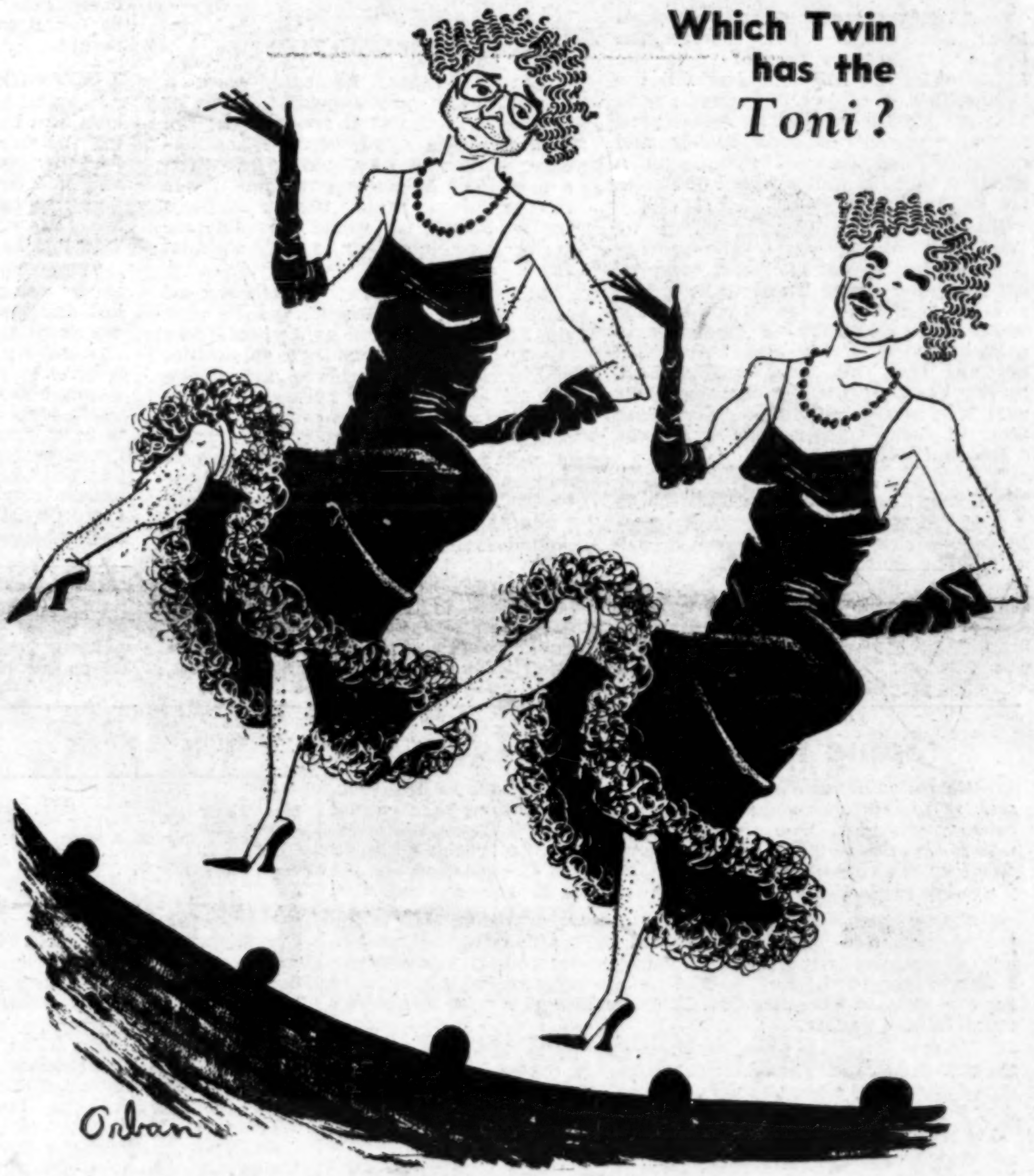
The sample polled was distributed most heavily among labor, housewives of all economic levels, and business men and storekeepers of less than $20,000 a year income. Smaller segments included white collar and professional groups and executives of $25,000 a year up. Those professing themselves "undecided" were most numerous in the labor and business groups, least numerous among white collar and professional.

Following test polls on other groups, the agency reported: "Results within the city limits clearly indicate that the huge quotient of undetermined voters is present in almost the same proportions in both [Jewish and non-Jewish] groups."

Anybody's Race

The report concluded that "the candidate with the best whirlwind finish in N. Y. will capture the prize."

Not conducted for the Progressive Party, the secret poll nevertheless strengthens the Progressive contention that public polls have significantly underestimated the potential Wallace vote—either through error or design—furthering the Democrats' propaganda that votes for Wallace may be wasted votes.



Which Twin has the *Toni?*

Konni Zilliacus
Personal Interview with Tito of Yugoslavia................Page 2

War Scare
Gordon Schaffer from London
L. Martin-Chauffier from Paris
Page 3

Elmer Bendiner
Don't Waste Your Votes on the Republocrats..........Page 5

Max Werner
Bi-Partisan 'Peace' Plan Means U.S. Army of Millions in Europe
Page 5

Mesabi Ghost Towns?
Canadian Ore Find Threatens Great Lakes Iron Country
Page 6

Paul Sweezy
Story of a Worker in Nashua, The Town Textron Is Killing
Page 10

Exclusive: Konni Zilliacus—Interview With Tito

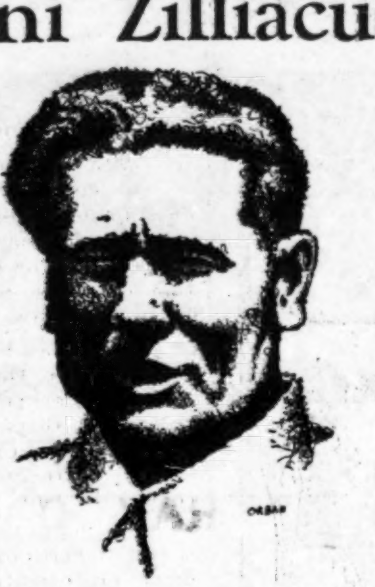
Since Moscow got into its dispute with Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, hopeful cold-warriors in the West have been measuring chances of getting Tito into their act. The Cominform charged that an over-nationalistic, anti-Soviet "Tito clique" was ruling by terror and mis-measuring chances of working Tito into Here is the first-hand account of what Tito said last month in Belgrade to Konni Zilliacus, British Labor M.P.

TITO is a worker and a skilled worker — an engineer, at that — who knows from bitter experience all there is to know about the kind of deal big business hands out to the workers. In pre-war Yugoslavia, big business depended largely on foreign capital and worked closely with the Army. If the workers got uppish they were dealt with by firing squads, the big stick, and now and then a spot of torture in gaols that were hells on earth.

At 21 Tito was active in the Russian Revolution when Allied intervention began. I was then an officer in the British Military Mission that did the intervening. Strolling last month with Tito around his garden, we reminisced for a while about that bloody and dastardly business, which made me a militant socialist and a friend of Russia for the rest of my life.

He fled to the steppes, where he lived for three years among the Kirghiz, dressing as they did, learning their language, and hunted like a wild animal from time to time by the Whites. He worked as a mechanic in a flour mill owned by one Isaiah, the boss of the area, who owned 2,500 horses, most of them more than half wild. Tito nearly bust his neck breaking some of them in. Isaiah knew he was a Red but liked him well.

THE talk about ideological differences between Yugoslavia and the Cominform countries, Tito said, was just eyewash. The real issue was the relation between socialist staces. That was an issue of principle that had to be raised and settled sooner or later. It was a brand new issue and that was why it was difficult.



MARSHAL TITO

The Yugoslavs, he said, were a patriotic and proud people. Love of country was the vital spark that gave a man public spirit, courage and energy; without it he would be less than a man. The Yugoslav government was fully conscious of the danger of jingo nationalism, and would not tolerate it, for it was contrary to their socialist faith.

At the same time, the feeling of kinship with the Russian people and the Soviet Union was as deepseated in the Yugoslav people as their patriotism. The sense of the brotherhood of the two nations went far back into Yugoslav history. It was reinforced by the community of interests and purposes of socialist states, and by the common danger that called on them to hold together and mount guard within and along their frontiers.

Yugoslavia belonged to the socialist camp, and delusions in the West about her joining the capitalist bloc were ludicrous. But Tito repeated what he has often said publicly — that Yugoslavia wanted peace, trade and cooperation with all countries, East or West, on the basis of the United Nations Charter. I asked him about the trade treaty negotiations with Great Britain that have gone on for nearly two years, and he confirmed that they had reached an advanced stage.

Yugoslav peasants, unlike the Russian peasantry at the time of the Revolution, were accustomed to private ownership of land by long tradition. They could not be told to collectivise their land. But the advantages of collectivisation could be attained by developing the cooperative movement, first through consumers' cooperatives and later through producers' cooperatives.

In time it would become clear that Yugoslavia, while unable to abandon her stand on principle, remained firmly attached to Russo-Yugoslav friendship and cooperation, and that she was successfully reconstructing her national life on socialist lines. Her neighbors would increasingly take account of these facts, and ultimately a way would be found to end the present disagreements.

I GOT curious about Tito's famous dog Tiger, as big as a young calf, that follows him like a shadow. One day during the war an officer rang him up at field headquarters from the front line and said they had killed a German officer who had a very large and fine dog, but they couldn't do a thing with it. Tito told them to bring it in.

"When he came into the room I could see he was a young dog and was feeling lost and worried. So I said "Komm" a couple of times. He came straight up and put his head on my knee. Then I called him every name I could think of. When I said 'Tiger' he looked up. I don't suppose his name was Tiger but it must have been something like it. I was careful to talk only German to him until he learned a little of our language. Anyway from then on he would not look at anyone else and adopted me as his pal.

"He loves to ride in a car beside me. Once in the retreat when I got on my horse, Tiger must have thought that was a kind of car too, because he took a flying leap and landed on its back. Of course he shot over the other side and lit on his ear. The horse fetched him a crack too. It was deeply offended at the idea of a dog trying to sneak a ride.

"Tiger knows when anyone does not like me. He doesn't like diplomats. When any of them turns up he doesn't just lie and sleep as he is doing beside you now, but comes over and lies between me and the diplomat and keeps an eye on the guy all the time."

'An Indeterminate State'

In the latest issue of the Moscow New Times, veteran Finnish Communist Otto Kuusinen states the Cominform position on the reluctance of new socialist states to do away with private peasant ownership of land.

"No country can remain long in an intermediate state," he writes. "If it does not move toward socialism its development will be back to capitalism. The class struggle must be accentuated and the socialist revolution cannot base itself upon peasant support."

THE Cominform charge that a "Tito clique" is ruling by terror appeared oddly wide of the mark when tested in Yugoslavia. Tito is the George Washington of Yugoslavia. He is the father of his country because he was first in war and is first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Against the invaders he led the epic fight that is the personal background of the whole people. That long, bitter, heroic struggle was at the same time a war of liberation, a social revolution and the birth pangs of the Republic. Today Tito and the tough and competent leaders he has gathered around him lead the drive for a new and better Yugoslavia that has fired the imaginations of the people and particularly of the young.

The people feel hurt and sorrowful about their Soviet comrades, who, they believe, have been badly misinformed. But there is no weakening in their feelings of admiration and friendship for the Soviet Union.

'Some Idea of How It Is'...

NATIONAL GUARDIAN has several representatives in the field, seeking to interest regional groups and organizations in a special subscription offer. One of our representatives is Owen Whitfield, who is also Cotton Patch Charlie (see page 9). Last week Whitfield wrote in, en route from Tennessee to North Carolina, giving the following explanation of certain items in his expense account:

"My expenses to date is far more than I intended, due to the terror existing in Memphis. I couldn't get free lodging as I used to get. Everything is more or less going underground. For instance I was talking to the Rev. A. B. Kyle, Progressive Party candidate for Congress, in his office Oct. 12. Two white girls were in another room folding papers.

"Police swooped down on the place, drove the girls out, put them in a car and carried them someplace, dumped them out and dared them to be found on Beal Street again. I ran into a closet and they missed me. Dr. Kyles was molested.

"This gives you some idea of how it is. However I hope I can cut expenses from here on."

(REV.) OWEN WHITFIELD

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Vol 1, No. 2 178 MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1948

LETTERS

New York

I just received a copy of your paper and got as far as the letter to J. W. Gitt and his reply. I noted that Mr. Gitt did not reply to the criticism in Mr. Charleston's letter in which the latter noted that criticism of Soviet policies and practices did not appear in the Preview Issue.

Reading farther in GUARDIAN I note that criticism of the Soviet Union likewise is absent just as in the Daily Worker.

Until you criticize the Soviet Union for its failure to provide civil liberties and other essentials of freedom just as you criticize much milder infringements of civil liberties in the U.S., I do not want to receive your paper, even gratis.

William Tucker Dean Jr.

GUARDIAN is interested in making known what the Soviet and other governments are doing, not in propagandizing for or against them.—Ed.

•

New Haven, Conn.

Thank God for your paper as it is so hard to find the truth these days.

Herman Dubin

•

New York

I think the paper is terrific and the need for it will become more and more patent after Nov. 2nd when we who are active in the Progressive Party finally find the time to sit back and ask, "Where do we go from here?"

Hyana Falow

•

New York

A Socko Publication!

Hugh Campbell

•

Hingham, Mass.

Since receiving information of your paper we have been so busy spreading the news to our various liberal friends that we plumb forgot to enter our own subscription. Here it is.

Doris M. Kanin

•

New York

NATIONAL GUARDIAN will, I believe, soon become one of those Bibles that college students like myself like to adopt.

Fred Stern

•

Philadelphia, Pa.

Your splendid new publishing venture should fill a pressing need in contemporary America. Enclosed is my check for my subscription and for the 25 friends listed below.

Morris de C. Freeman

•

New York

I've got a few extra pennies to spend as I choose—and I choose to share them with you.

Dora Livant

•

New York

Swell paper. Keep up the good work. We are canvassing our neighbors to get them to subscribe.

Ruth & Fred Z.

•

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Since I consider the preview issue a collector's item and don't want to cut it up, I enclose a list of "4 Good Friends" along with my check for five bucks.

B. A. Botkin

•

New York

I sincerely hope the venture will meet with success and will continue on and on. We have nothing to take its place.

Florence Murray,
Harlem Women for Wallace

•

New York

It is with a deep feeling of relief that I wish to express my congratulations to you for having put out the first number of the new weekly.

Garcia Diaz

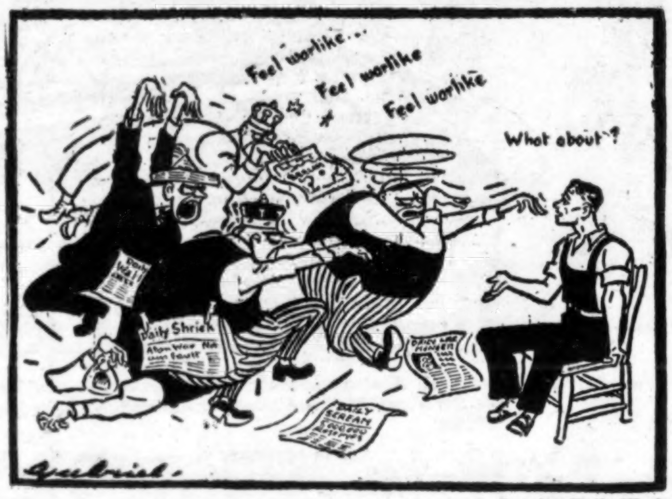
BE A
GUARDIAN ANGEL

See Page 11

THE WORLD

GORDON SCHAFFER from LONDON

They Won't Die for Dear Old Franco...



London Daily Worker

ONCE again the British man in the street hears the plain warning that the choice is between guns and butter. He knows that preparations for war mean an end to his hopes for social progress.

To him war is not something far away, to be fought by atom bombers thousands of miles from home. It is a horror that has overshadowed his home twice in a lifetime.

Unlike America, Britain has no great public figure, no broad people's movement to mobilize the demand for peace. But when the talk began about Franco becoming our ally, and about mobilizing manpower in Germany, it hit loyal Labor Party members right between the eyes. Spain is a touchstone for all sections of British Labor. Millions who haven't criticised the government up to now will kick hard at the thought of marching with Franco against the nation that defended Stalingrad and saved Britain.

ONCE BEFORE. In 1920 it was the Trades Councils (rank and file union organizations in the localities) that organized Councils of Action to stop Churchill's war of intervention in Russia. Now they are organizing broad peace conferences up and down the land.

Camberwell branch of the Amalgamated Engineering Union passed a resolution refusing to "fight against its Russian comrades in defense of capitalist aggression." The Southall A.E.U. called the threat of another war "insane" and demanded full consideration of Soviet disarmament proposals. President J. Strain of the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers, denouncing anti-Soviet propoganda as the work of "American imperialism", said: "I will never voluntarily acquiesce in the introduction of American methods into Britain's industries or Britain's politics."

The women are coming into action, in a Women's Peace Movement led by Leah Manning, M.P. After a poignant appeal for peace in the House of Commons, Leah was flooded with letters, and since then has been drawing huge meetings.

BETTER HATERS. The Tory Party is waiting in the wings. "If you want anti-Communism and war against Russia," they are saying, "you can trust us better than this Labor crowd who are half Communist anyway."

Yet even the swashbuckling Tory publisher, Lord Beaverbrook, is seriously concerned by the trend which ties his British Empire more and more to American coat-tails. "The British," says his **Daily Express**, "will not consent to be dragged along on the chariot-wheels of an anti-Russian crusade. . . . The memory of the feats of arms and the suffering of the Russian people in the war remains."

GORDON SCHAFFER is foreign editor of "Reynolds News," organ of the British Co-Operative movement.

LOUIS MARTIN-CHAUFFIER from PARIS

...Nor for Ilse Koch Either

BEFORE weighing the possibilities of death, it seems more urgent to the French people to gauge the chances of living.

The housewife thinks more about her empty purse, the absurd cost of living stimulated by the unpunished black marketeers, and the increasing gap between salaries and prices, than she does about the atomic bomb or the spread of the Red Army through the western continent.

And the French feel it immoral and absurd that the budget should be in constant deficit, money in such critical condition, its buying power so limited, while this impoverished country devotes some 400,000,000,000 francs to military expenses which nothing, in the eyes of the public, can justify.

They reason: What could the weak western forces do anyhow in a Russo-American war?

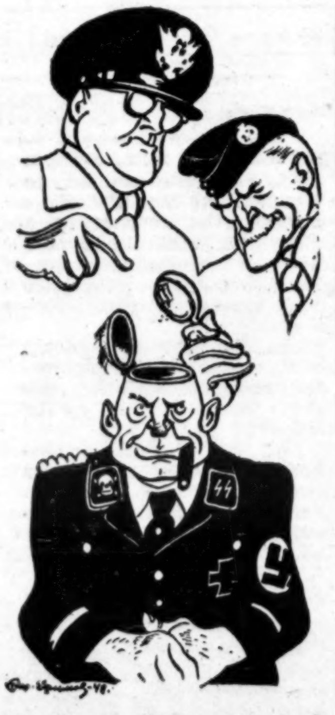
ONE FEAR. The only war, the only threat of war, that has infested the French for over a century is from Germany. For the time being there is really no threat from that side. The Berlin dispute appears to be a stupid question of prestige which has been very badly handled, but which cannot result, in French public opinion, in a general war.

> Questioned about his action in commuting the sentence of Ilse Koch, lampshade-making "Bitch of Buchenwald," Gén. Lucius D. Clay, U.S. Military Governor of Germany, said on a 24-hour U.S. visit: "My conscience is clear. . . . It would have been a serious reflection on American justice if the Koch sentence had been allowed to stand."

On the other hand, the U.S. policy of rebuilding German heavy industry, i.e. the German war potential, is being severely criticized even by papers most devoted to America and the Marshall Plan.

The French are haunted by their security. They place it on the Rhine. They place small hopes in the democratization and de-nazification of Germany and in the U.N.'s wordy wranglings about peace, which only irritate them. To them security means control of Germany's industry, dismemberment of her factories, and the transfer of German coal to make French steel.

But Allied policy in Germany does not correspond with these sentiments. The U.S. probably does not realize the effect produced throughout Europe by the commutation of Ilse Koch's sentence from life to four years' imprisonment — the woman known as the Buchenwald Bitch, responsible for the death of 50,000 deportees according to the U.S. prosecution.



"Really all we have to do is give him a new uniform."

(A "Krokodil," Moscow, comment on Bizonia.)

Frenchmen, too, were deported to Buchenwald. Their wives and children cannot forget quite so easily.

LOUIS MARTIN-CHAUFFIER, author, editor and contributor to conservative and leftwing papers in Paris, was a resistance leader during the war and spent 18 months in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

UN—Brighter Outlook

"FOR once," smiled a U.N. official in Paris as the session ended on Friday, "it looks good."

At last there seemed to be a break in the deadlock over Berlin. The western powers had been tirelessly denouncing the Russians' blockade of that city as a "threat to the peace." The U. S. S. R. had insisted with equal obstinacy that the West started it by deciding to issue a separate Berlin currency.

On Friday six small countries laid a compromise resolution before the Security Council. It omitted what the U. S. had worked hardest to get in: condemnation of Russia as a peace threat. It called on both sides to remove their Berlin restrictions at once, and for the currency to be unified, on the basis of the Soviet mark under four-power control, by Nov. 20.

The suggestion of Andrei Y. Vishinsky of the U.S.S.R. that both settlements take effect at once having been turned down, he forwarded the "Little Six" resolution to Moscow. U. N. delegates broke for the weekend amid the usual spree of speculations as to what Russia would do.

FLYING GENERAL. The preceding week had seen Secretary of State Marshall flying about Europe: to Athens, where gloomy royalists admitted the reports of guerrilla successes were true; to Rome, where the Pope, receiving a U. S. Secretary of State for the first time in Vatican history, agreed on what must be done "for the good of humanity."

As Marshall's cold-war plan seemed to be taking shape, U. N. indictment of Russia as a threat to peace had been top priority. By Friday that part of the plan had gone sour, largely owing to the reluctance of France to bristle eastward; but U. S. moves toward a diplomatic showdown next spring were due to go forward on other fronts.

Palestine In Shadow

"NOT FRANK." U. N. delegates were more confused than ever as to what American policy may be in Palestine. The U. S. delegate sat silent as debate was postponed on the Bernadotte proposal to give the Negev area to the Arabs. It was an embarrassing moment when Australia's William R. Hodgson, who usually strings along with the State Department, supported the Soviet view that "some delegations have not been frank." Everyone believed that the U. S. could not be frank because the issue was so delicate in the presidential elections.

In the Palestine strife area, King Abdullah of Transjordan was on the outs with the pro-Mufti Egyptians as to who should control the Negev. The Egyptians were disobeying a U. N. truce agreement to let Jewish convoys through to Negev settlements.

So Israel's army struck. In five days its troops and planes blasted three routes through Egyptian lines, captured Beersheba and isolated the Egyptians in Jerusalem from their supply sources.

Who Killed Polk?

GREEK WHODUNIT. Last week a New York judge refused to believe the "confession" of Andrew Sheridan, "an admitted murderer," that two other men sentenced to die with him for the murder of stevedore Anthony Hintz were innocent. Sheridan said his real companions in the murder were a man now dead and another missing 21 months. The judge, George L. Donnellan, called the move "a well known trick of the underworld, substituting for guilty participants dead men whose lips are sealed."

In Greece, the same day, there was a strange parallel. The Royalist government announced that it had "solved" the murder of George Polk, American newspaperman whose trussed body was found floating in Salonika Bay last May 16 with a bullet through the back of the head.

Two ministers of the Athens government produced a "confession" from Gregory Staktopoulos, a Salonika newspaperman. He accused Communists Adam Mouzenides and Evangelos Vasvanas of shooting Polk in a boat on Salonika Bay, whither they had lured him on the promise of arranging an interview with "Free Greek" General Markos.

Miltiades Porphyrogenis, Markos' Minister of Justice, immediately announced that both accused men were dead when the crime was committed and the Athens ministers knew it. Mouzenides was killed by artillery fire on Apr. 5

Continued on following page.

Continued from preceding page.

in the mountains near Krosseia. Vasvanas was killed by Greek police while engaged in underground work. They will be tried "in absentia."

$25,000 QUESTION. Staktopoulos, who has been in solitary confinement for months and whom American newspapermen have not been allowed to see since his alleged confession, is neither a gunman nor a murderer. He is a reporter who worked for leftwing papers after Greece was liberated, until Dec., 1946, when Royalist mobs began murdering leftwing newspapermen. He then went to work for **Makedonia,** a Salonika paper which was pro-Hitler during the war. He ended up as a string man for the British news agency Reuters.

He is quoted as saying that Communists murdered Polk so they could blame the Royalists. On this William R. Polk, the murdered man's brother, and cloak-and-dagger Gen. William Donovan, who visited Greece to look into the case, issued guarded and uneasy comments in the U. S.

Polk was about to return to the U. S. when he was killed. He had expressed curiosity about reports of a $25,000 check deposited by a top Greek politician in a New York bank. Greek exchange restrictions make such a deposit illegal. If the story were true, it would not help the Royalist pleas for more dollars to kill guerrillas.

Istanbul's Election

TURKISH DELIGHT. While one group of polltax-state Congressmen were chinning with dictator Franco in Spain, four others led by Rep. Lucas of Texas were cementing relations with Turkey, eastern wing of the European anti-communist alliance.

It was just like being back home in Dixie. The Congressmen were privileged to observe there an election, the results of which were cozily pre-ordained. A few pantalooned peasants, toques in hand, lined up in mud-hut villages to vote by word of mouth or by marking an open ballot. In Istanbul, the metropolis, booths were provided for the first time; still, few bothered to vote.

Only candidates were those named by top leaders of the People's Republican Party, which is not republican and has no connection with the people. Both opposition parties boycotted the election rather than help bolster the illusion that Turkey is a democracy.

The mass of the people greeted the election with irreverent derision. Under Turkey's "Association Laws" trade unions are banned and no meeting can take place anywhere without police being present. Since 1946 every attempt to put up a genuine candidate for anything has been broken up.

Cried one woman arrested for such an attempt: "Are we to be condemned because we yearn for liberty?" The verdict of the authorities: yes.

Revolt in Korea

KOREAN HAYMAKING. Throughout the Far East, the U. S. was gathering a bumper crop of rotten fruit after three years of blunders. While in Malaya the British accumulated more hatred for the palefaces by training savage head-hunters to shoot "communists," Americans sat on a boiling cauldron in southern Korea. Martial law was declared by the two-months-old, U. S.-screened government to deal with an uprising started by 2,500 Korean troops.

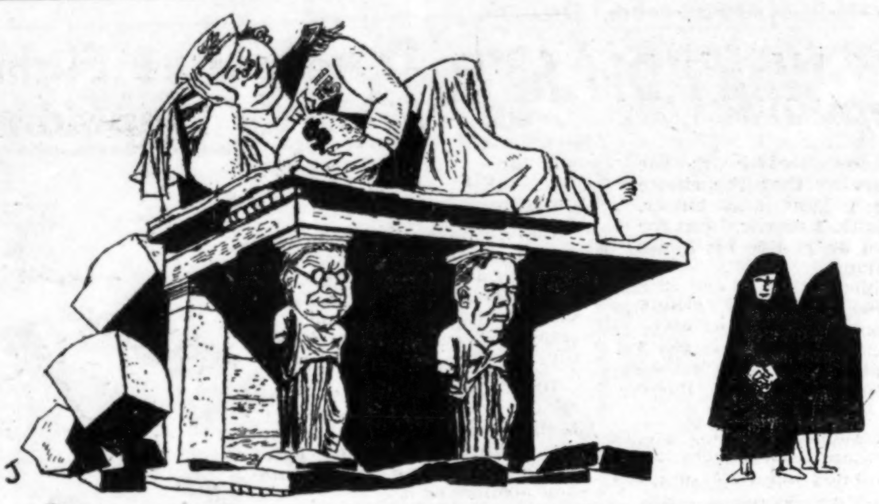
American reporters dutifully described the revolt as "communist," but never was use of that beaten-up word harder to justify. The outbreak was directed against the Korean police, a gang of thugs trained for 40 years in brutality and torture by the Japanese and taken over from them almost intact by the U. S. Smaller but similar outbreaks have occurred regularly in south Korea during the past two years. The people have seized any opportunity to form a crowd, march on the police stations and wipe out everyone there.

WON'T STAY PUT. As the violence spread, South Korean Prime Minister Syngman Rhee was being photographed in Gen. MacArthur's arms in Tokyo, where the new right-wing Premier, Shigeru Yoshida, implored U. S. forces not to "jeopardize security" by leaving Japan, even after a peace treaty was signed.

In China, Chiang Kai-shek's "disastrous" loss of Chinhsien and Changchun left the People's Army virtual masters of Manchuria.

"The people," complained Lieut. Gen. Chiu Chin-chuan, "should be organized to support civil war but I have no time to do it. . . . Some of my troops stay put when ordered to attack and withdraw when they are ordered to stay put."

THE WORLD



"I will henceforth deal personally with the Greek problem and I will solve it."
Secretary Marshall, as quoted by Greek Foreign Minister Constantin Tsaldaris.

How to Milk a Rich Uncle

AMONG Uncle Sam's 7½ million Greek nephews and nieces there are a few who know what to do with a rich uncle—take him for as much as you can.

The U. S. aid program called for Greece to commandeer the external assets of her citizens to aid in the country's recovery. But nobody likes to tax himself when a rich uncle insists on paying the bills.

Our favored Greek nephews number about 100. Roughly half are shipowners and half are government officials. Behind the scenes it's impossible to tell one from the other. Among the shipowning politicians and diplomats are ex-Prime Minister Voulgaris; Dendramis, present Greek Ambassador to the U. S.; Moatsos, Matesis and Peltekis, ministers in postwar Greek cabinets.

O HELLAS! The shipowners outside the government are a little better off than the shipowners inside the government. They don't have to live in Greece. Fifty-eight leading Greek shipowners are based outside of Greece: 38 in New York and the remainder largely in London, Genoa, Alexandria and Shanghai. The Greek shipowners have a penchant for nice addresses: G. M. Livanos resides at 875 Park Avenue, Michel Embiricos at 930 Fifth Avenue.

Our Greek nephews suffer from drachmaphobia: they abhor drachmas even more than they abhor taxes and a Greek address. In their opinion it's a very weak-kneed currency. So, while we pour in dollars, they siphon them off and put them into ships flying foreign flags.

This "runaway" Greek-owned foreign-flag fleet in excess of 1,000,000 deadweight tons will earn a whopping share of the ECA (Marshall Plan) $209,000,000 to be spent on dollar ocean freights in the next four years. Virtually none of it will find its way back to the Greek economy.

NO STRAWBERRIES. A good Greek nephew reciprocates our faith in him by showing his confidence in our institutions. One of them prefers the National City Bank of New York, where he lists $79,840.94 in cash and $818,000 in U. S. securities.

Each of us has his likes and dislikes. Some can't stomach strawberries. The stomachs of our favored Greek nephews are turned by Athens, taxes, the Greek merchant flag, and the drachma. But they do love the Royal Hellenic Government and their Uncle Sam. That's human, isn't it?

Between the Mufti and the Deep Blue Sea

The Dilemma of Palestine's Arabs

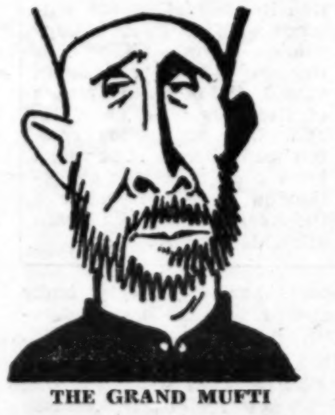
WHILE a few rich landlords and potentates claiming to represent "the Arabs" jockey for position before the United Nations, the million-odd poor Arabs who are neighbors to the half-million Jews in Palestine have become the forgotten people of the hour.

When the British mandate over Palestine ended, the persecuted, homeless, stateless Jews became overnight the proud citizens of Israel. That same 16th of May, the long established Arabs woke up to find themselves with no state, no government, no currency, no postal services.

HITLER'S PAL. Something had to be done. In September the Arab Higher Committee met in Gaza and announced the formation of a Palestinian Arab government under the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

King Abdullah of Transjordan, who gets military help from the British, swiftly and bitterly denounced the Mufti's government.

Abdullah was sincere. He wants, as everyone knows, to annex Arab Palestine to Transjordan. But what do the Arab people of Palestine want?



THE GRAND MUFTI

They don't want the Mufti. But this has little to do with his wartime pro-Nazi record; the Arabs have no notion of western ideologies. It is the dictatorial rule of the Husseini clan before the war that they remember and resent. The Husseinis ruthlessly suppressed their opponents, murdering many members of the Nashashibi and Dejani clans.

POOR ARABS SPEAK. They don't want Abdullah. Said an Arab workers' spokesman, Tawfiq Toubi: "Either to partition Arab Palestine among the Arab States, or to submit it to the military occupation of Abdullah, would retard the Palestine Arabs politically and socially."

This opinion is shared by the Israeli people. A deal with Abdullah means the return of the British through the back door. A deal with the Mufti seems impossible but, if realized, would mean a perpetual watch on the Israeli borders to prevent another war.

Tawfiq Toubi is a leader of the Arab National Liberation League, organized voice of the poor Arabs.

THEY WANT PEACE. The League has Communists among its leaders, and followers in all Arab countries—ordinary peasants, workers and housewives for the most part. Last week, in the midst of war between Arabs and Jews, it showed the desire for peace among the Arab masses by merging with the Israeli Communist Party.

Of all the groups involved, the British are in the worst predicament. They took great pains to organize Middle Eastern states into the Arab League. Now they are helpless in face of a spectacular split: Abdullah against the other members of the Arab League, who support the Mufti.

If the British should now continue supporting Abdullah and he takes over, a new wave of anti-British feeling will sweep through the other Arab countries, threatening Britain's financial and strategic bases in those lands. If the Mufti takes over they will be compelled to support him, and thereby lose Abdullah's hospitality. Transjordan always was the safest British oasis in the whole Middle East.

—Ali Hassan

ALI HASSAN is the pseudonym of a Middle Eastern newspaperman.

THE NATION

Marcantonio Leads Progressive Fight; Republocrats Confuse Even Lippmann

THE ham gladiator act of the Democrats and Republicans, currently playing to the unenthusiastic American electorate, slipped badly last week. Walter Lippmann, columnist of the Republican New York **Herald Tribune,** all but rang down the curtain on the show when he complained that so many Democratic candidates are more pro-Dewey than the Republicans.

Lippmann observed: "On the bipartisan foreign policy, on an enlightened domestic program, Mr. Dewey would in fact do better, and have less trouble, if Anderson (Dem.) were to defeat Hurley (Rep.) in New Mexico; if Kefauver (Dem.) defeats Reece (Rep.) in Tennessee, if Paul H. Douglas (Dem.) could defeat Brooks (Rep.) in Illinois, if Revercomb of West Virginia and Robertson of Wyoming and Wilson of Iowa (all Rep.) were retired from the Senate."

The Progressive Party had been saying this all along, only with less delicacy.

No clash is found this year between old-line parties; only a race to get to the same ends. The significant contest in the Congressional races occurs where Progressives enter the scene. Typical is the situation in New York.

LUCKY CORNER. Hottest of New York City's campaigns, and the one of top national significance, centers around Vito Marcantonio's "lucky corner" in East Harlem. Marcantonio has held his seat in the House since 1936 with one two-year break. He is by far the most skilled legislator in the Progressive Party.

He has the voting record that most nearly meets all tests laid down by AFL, CIO and Railway Brotherhoods; yet no official labor body supports him. He counts on rank-and-file backing.

In Congress he led the fight against the draft, ERP, and the Mundt Bill and salvaged the civil rights fight when both Republicans and Democrats had abandoned it.

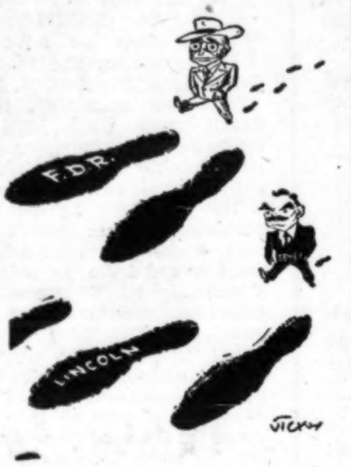
To beat Marcantonio, the liberal ghosts of Americans for Democratic Action are backing the Wall St. Republican broker, John Ellis, while labor officialdom backs Tammany candidate John Morrissey. To unseat progressive Leo Isacson of the Bronx, who was swept into office last winter and became the most skilled and active fighter for a free Israel, Liberals have joined with Democrats and Republicans behind a single candidate, Isadore Dollinger, whose name will appear three times to Isacson's one on the voting machine. In Brooklyn the same coalition is backing the incumbent, Abraham J. Multer, against Progressive Lee Pressman, former general counsel to the CIO.

In Manhattan the elegant, 78-year-old, pince-nez-ed Democrat Sol Bloom, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, is running a somewhat halting race for re-election with display advertising directed at Jewish voters. His Republican opponent, Jules J. Justin, is devoting most of his energy to pointing out Bloom's advanced age, with which he clearly disagrees. Running against both is Progressive City Councilman Eugene P. Connolly, who is talking about peace, civil liberties, housing and inflation.

These issues are held by bipartisan debaters to be irrelevant. Their stock rejoinder to Progressives is: Don't waste your vote.

Gene Debs answered that off-the-issues argument this way: "I'd rather vote for what I want and not get it than vote for what I don't want—and get it."

Elmer Bendiner



London News-Chronicle

MAX WERNER

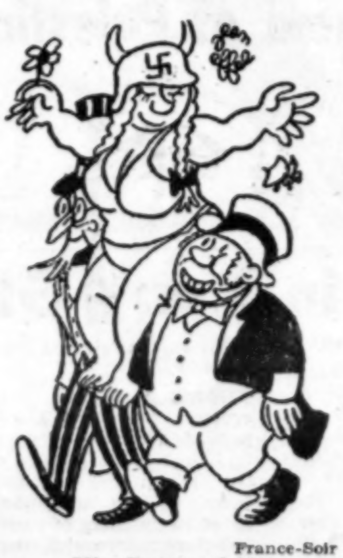
The Silent $100,000,000,000 Campaign Issue

MILITARY policy has not even been mentioned in this election campaign. But the issue is immense: about $100,000,000,000 to be spent in four years by the coming administration, and the pressure of rearmament on our foreign policy. Nowhere are waste and failure as staggering and threatening as in military policy.

The voters do not know what is being offered. The candidates themselves are not certain what they will offer. The politicians, most of whom know nothing about the situation, leave the field to the military. And the military leaders are divided among themselves.

NOBODY KNOWS. Senator Taft pleaded for a strong air force as a solution. Mr. Hoover recommended military aid to Western Europe. The Democrat James Farley and the Republican Senator Chan Gurney insist strongly on military alliance with Franco Spain. But nobody knows what over-all military policy would result from the single pieces of this jig-saw puzzle.

If the Truman doctrine is the main piece of the bi-partisan military policy, then its military fallacy is obvious. This policy is to try to contain the Soviet Union. But there are no real land powers around the Soviet Union, no armies at its frontiers. The Soviet Union was not contained by the Greek, the Turkish and the Iranian armies with U. S. support. The Soviet Union has upheld the postwar status quo because of planned self-restraint, and not through military counter-pressure.



France-Soir

Miss Europe of 1948

MANPOWER KNOT. The main military question which should be asked and discussed in the campaign is: Who is to provide the manpower demanded by the Truman doctrine and the bi-partisan foreign policy?

Who is to stand on the Rhine? So far our military planners have operated with two strategies. One, the air-atomic strategy, was assigned for the U. S. The other, that of the land defense of Western Europe, was assigned to the countries of the Western Union, to France and Great Britain.

The atomic-air team is highly influential. For them bigger land operations are waste and Western Europe rather a liability.

NO ANSWER. But the atomic bomb does not contain land power. Bi-partisan foreign policy asks urgently for strong American combat and land power for soldiers. Bi-partisan military policy gives no answer and promises no satisfaction of this demand. The bi-partisan policy has a program neither for re-armament nor for settlement with Russia which would make re-armament unnecessary.

The idea of combining U. S. air-atomic power with the alleged land power of the Western Union is wholly unrealistic. Great Britain and France do not possess land power now and have no resources to build up land armies. The cost of re-armament of the so-called Atlantic Union must be provided almost entirely by the United States, in money, weapons and manpower.

The cost of the Truman doctrine by now would be about 100 U. S. divisions, which means a U.S. land army of several million men in peace time.

MAX WERNER is the distinguished military-political writer with a many-years' record of being right when all other "analysts" guessed wrong.

Illinois Decision

"THE Supreme Court follows the elections," Mr. Dooley once remarked. Last week the Supreme Court anticipated the elections and took an active hand in them. By a 6-3 decision the Court upheld a ruling which will keep the Progressive Party off the ballot in Illinois and will cost the Wallace forces an estimated 500,000 votes.

Illinois courts originally banned the Party because it failed to comply with a 1935 amendment to the State's election laws. The changed law rules that nominating petitions must include at least 200 names from each of 50 counties. Assistant State Attorney General Wines told the high court that the State of Illinois "confessed error" in passing such a statute, since it grants equal weight to thinly populated rural counties and heavily populated urban centers.

CAN'T CONFESS. Chief Justice Vinson refused to accept Illinois' "confession of error," declaring: "It is clear that the requirement of 200 signatures from at least 50 counties gives to the voters of the less populous counties of Illinois the power completely to block the nomination of candidates whose support is confined to geographically limited areas. But the state is entitled to deem this power not disproportionate."

Simpler was the concurring opinion of Justice Rutledge who thought that to restore the Progressive Party to the ballot at this late date would create "the gravest risk" of disrupting the state's election procedure.

Dissenting were Justices Douglas, Black and Murphy. Summing up the minority report, Justice Douglas wrote that the Illinois ruling "lacks the equality to which the exercise of political rights is entitled."

Wallace is appealing to Gov. Dwight H. Green.

After ruling sternly on Wallace in Illinois the Supreme Court relaxed in its consideration of the obscenity charge against Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County." Asked to consider the book as literature, Justice Jackson quipped: "If we'd examine from that viewpoint every book brought to us on an obscenity charge, it seems we'd become a high court of obscenity." Publishers of the book remarked that though nine copies were sent to the Court, one for each justice, the high judges had asked for still more copies, complaining that some were lost.

White House Boarder

STRAWS. Lateness of the hour brought no let-up to Henry Wallace who, on a strenuous tour of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, spoke out sharply and freshly and was on the air almost every night. Commenting on the insult offered to the Presidency by Secretary Marshall over Vinson's proposed trip to Russia, Wallace said: "Harry S. Truman has abdicated. He still sleeps in the White House, and that's about all."

Wallace urged the President to fire Marshall "if he has any respect for the office he holds."

From New York City came word that, according to the unsympathetic **Daily News,** Wallace is polling 11.8 per cent of the straw vote. But the paper emphasized in bold type, boxed and prominently placed, that in far-upstate rural counties, Wallace was scoring not a single vote.

As the campaign entered its final weeks, the President broke from the routine pattern of his statements only to issue an order stiffening the armed reserves. He then journeyed to Miami to repeat his peace-but-preparedness vows to the Legionnaires.

Earl Warren also uttered the peaceful amenities at Miami along with other candidates. Not so Dixiecrat J. Strom Thurmond, who was reported as boldly declaring: "I'm not for peace." Later he contradicted news reports explaining that reporters had misunderstood; "appeasement" he said, sounds like "peace."

"HARRYCRATS." Democratic hesitancy to press the civil rights issue on campaign tours drew chuckles from Dixiecrats. When W. J. Primm, assistant to the chairman of the National Democratic Party, declaring that some aspects of the program should be handled by the Legislatures, not the Congress, the Raleigh, N. C. **Times** chortled:

"Quite definitely this would suggest that it has now become clear to the Harrycrats that the opposition to their civil rights program is turning out to be a much bigger threat than they anticipated when they kicked the South in the teeth at Philadelphia."

A staggering pat on the back was administered to the campaigning Governor last week when the **Star-Times of**

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St. Louis announced its support of Dewey because his record "proves that he stands for more than his hollow campaign speeches indicate." Less damaging was the tomato that splattered Mrs. Dewey in Minnesota.

CONFUCIUS SAY. The Governor spoke out boldly at what he termed the Russian concept of the Common Man. Said he: "No human being is common. We are all uncommon people."

Designed for "unity," that statement failed to bring the same unanimous support as did these earlier pronouncements of the Governor:

"You know that your future is still ahead of you."—Phoenix, Ariz.

"Our streams should abound with fish."—Denver.

Shaw on Suppression

INDICTMENT of the 12 top U.S. Communists last week touched off street demonstrations and shocked protest—but not in the U.S.

Crowds in Paris heard resistance leader Ives Farge declare: "I protest the persecution not because I am a Communist—I am not a Communist—but because I wish to remain a free man." Rallies were held in London, too, reminding some of the world-wide repercussions of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

From George Bernard Shaw in Hertfordshire, England, to New York's **Daily Worker** came this comment:

"In America today the number of citizens who have read the Communist Manifesto, the books of Marx and Engels, or of the Hammonds and Upton Sinclair, and have been converted to communism by them hasn't been counted.

"Illiterate as the world still is, we estimate its Marxists at a million and a quarter. To suppress communism, the American government has arrested 12 persons and charged them with advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence, which is exactly what Washington and Jefferson did, thereby creating the United States of America.

"The founder of Christianity was a Communist with 12 faithful Apostles, chief of whom struck a man and his wife dead for keeping back their money from a common pool instead of sharing it. But American legislators, ostensibly Christians, don't read the Bible much. They would charge Saint Peter with sedition as well as murder if he were not beyond their reach.

"I refrain from comment. The situation speaks for itself."

HUNTING AS USUAL. Back home the protest, however widespread, was quiet, unpublicized, largely ineffective. In the hunt for witches, the hounds' bay became more bloodcurdling.

Sunflooded Miami was farther from Paris than miles could measure. American Legionnaires, gathering there in convention, called for complete suppression of the Communist Party and the American Youth for Democracy. Then they solemnly reaffirmed the conventional resolution asking equal rights "for all Americans irrespective of race, creed or color."

In Cleveland a Grand jury summoned local Communist leaders to appear before it bringing a list of all Communists in the Federal employ or "who are members of any trade union." Two Communists in Denver who refused to comply with a similar demand are still in prison serving an "indefinite sentence."

The New York County Criminal Courts Bar Assn. went into closed session before continuing its wire-tapping investigation. Announced reason for the move was that it might be a mistake to let the public know how telephones are tapped. (Although many New Yorkers already knew the worst, thanks to an interesting expose on wiretapping by Guy Richards in the New York **Star**.)

Police chiefs, assembled in convention in New York, heard Lt. Col. Leon Lambert of the Quebec Provincial Police boast that the "padlock law" which enabled him to close down progressive centers and schools was "a most useful weapon." Contrasting communist with western police forces, he explained that the former "are designed not for the protection of individual rights and freedoms but for the enforcement of state policy."

DEEPER AND SHALLOWER. Communists last week were scheduled to go underground in the open. Such was the stern prediction of J. Parnell Thomas of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who in a statement to the

Continued on following page.

THE

Is There A 'Scottsboro

By William A. Reuben

TRENTON, N. J.

THERE may be another Scottsboro in the making—this time in Trenton, N. J.

Six men now wait in the death house, while justices of New Jersey's Superior Court consider their appeal from a conviction of murder.

The evidence against them consisted only of their confessions which the police admitted were forced from the prisoners. These signed documents the prisoners repudiated in open court. All the other evidence, every circumstance surrounding the crime, the testimony of eye witnesses and experts, overwhelmingly proved the innocence of two of the six, and left far more than a reasonable doubt concerning the other four.

WHAT HAPPENED. This was the crime: William Horner, 73, was in his second-hand furniture shop at 213 North Broad St., Trenton, last Jan. 27. At about 11 a.m. three Negroes entered the store. Mrs. Horner, who was there at the time, saw them go toward the back of the store with her husband. She busied herself at the front of the shop. Suddenly she was struck from behind. When she regained consciousness, her husband was dead, brutally beaten over the head with a broken bottle.

Virginia Barclay, who lives across the street, saw three men leave the store. She later described them as "teen-age youths." She watched them climb into a "blue-green, 4-door Plymouth sedan" and drive away. Frank H. Eldracher, a cigar salesman, was making a call across the street. He, too, saw the men leave t store, but according to his re ollection, there were only tw

Scottsboro

In 1931 nine Negro boy were hauled out of a freigh train in Scottsboro, Alabama accused of rape. N[illegible]owl saved from a lynching, eigh of the nine were railroade to a death sentence, despit patently false testimony. Fo six years that sentence wa staved off by legal battle and popular campaign None was electrocuted.

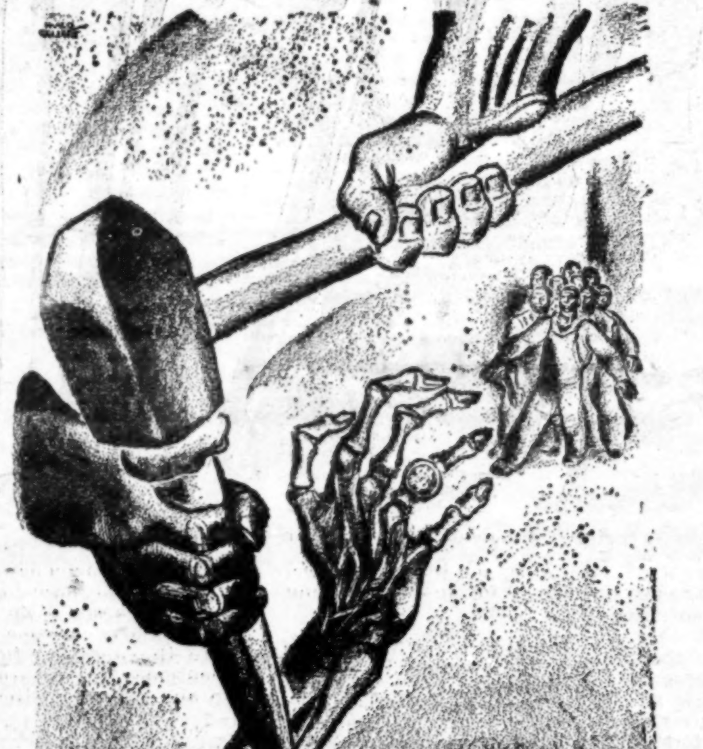
The murder capped a seri of crimes in Trenton which t police had been unable to solv Newspaper criticism was vigo ous and harsh. Director Public Safety Andrew J. Du felt urgently impelled to pro himself. He announced:

"Trenton is in the middle its biggest crime wave in yea After what happened to Horn no one is safe in this city. We forming a special motoriz bandit squad to patrol the ci and they will shoot to k Well-meaning people may a cuse us of acting like a Ge tapo, but if we can bring the Horner killers, or save o life, I'm willing to take all the criticisms."

THE ARRESTS. Armed wi tommy-guns, a 15-man squ moved into the Negro neig borhoods, rounding up men random.

On Saturday night, 10 da after the killing, 23-year-c Collis English was pi[illegible]ed by police for a traffic violatio and held overnight. Next d his brother-in-law, McKinl Forrest, went to the jailhou to see if he could help Engli bringing a spare set of igniti keys which he thought Engli might need to get the c home. He never came back

Several days later police de cended on the house in whi English and Forrest liv Their orders were to round all men living in the hou They picked up John McKe zie, 24, who lived there a



Bonanza in Iron—Ghost Cities in

MONTREAL

LAST week a group of tough prospectors and drillers struck camp for the winter, at Knob Lake on the Quebec-Labrador border, with findings that may turn the basic economy of North America inside out. They found gold and silver but they were after a bigger bonanza in a re-arming world, the most precious metal on the globe—iron.

U. S. iron resources are almost exhausted. Steel experts are talking about little else these days than the depletion of Minnesota's Mesabi iron range in 15 years of normal consumption. The war-hungry Republican-Democratic coalition consorts on iron springs. The grim installment men are about to come for the bed. Within months the coalition will start eating cars, refrigerators, washing machines and skipping jacks to make supercarriers, bigger and deadlier tanks and guns. Then open hearths at Pittsburgh and Gary must turn their red mouths to foreign ore.

THAR'S BILLIONS. The drill crews at Knob Lake have proved the biggest iron ore body in North America, perhaps the last large domestic ore body. When the floatplanes came to fly them out before the sub-Arctic freezeup, their diamond drills had emptied cores proving 300,000,000 tons of high-grade iron ore.

Canadian Jules R. Timmins, the promoter of the new range, says there are "billions of tons of ore" in the 24,000 mile concession held by his Hollinger North Shore and Labrador Mining & Development companies, on the right arm of the great Canadian shield. In this barren region of lakes, muskeg, caribou moss and millenial rock the prospector's magnometer dances a drunken jig over lodes of metal. Forty per cent of the companies is owned by M. R. Hanna Co., Cleveland ore firm.

The explosive fact of Quebec-Labrador iron is that it will accessible to the sea and th is no economic way to get it the great U. S. complex of land steel mills from Pit burgh to East Chicago. Th is no St. Lawrence Seaway let the ocean bottoms [illegible]to Great Lakes. When T[illegible]m builds his railway to Se Islands on the Gulf of St. La rence, the ore will go into oce ships which will have no pl to go but Europe and a ha ful of small Atlantic seabo mills such as Sparrow Po Md.

TROUBLE AHEAD. New E land, whose industries are ing or running away from workers to the cheap-la

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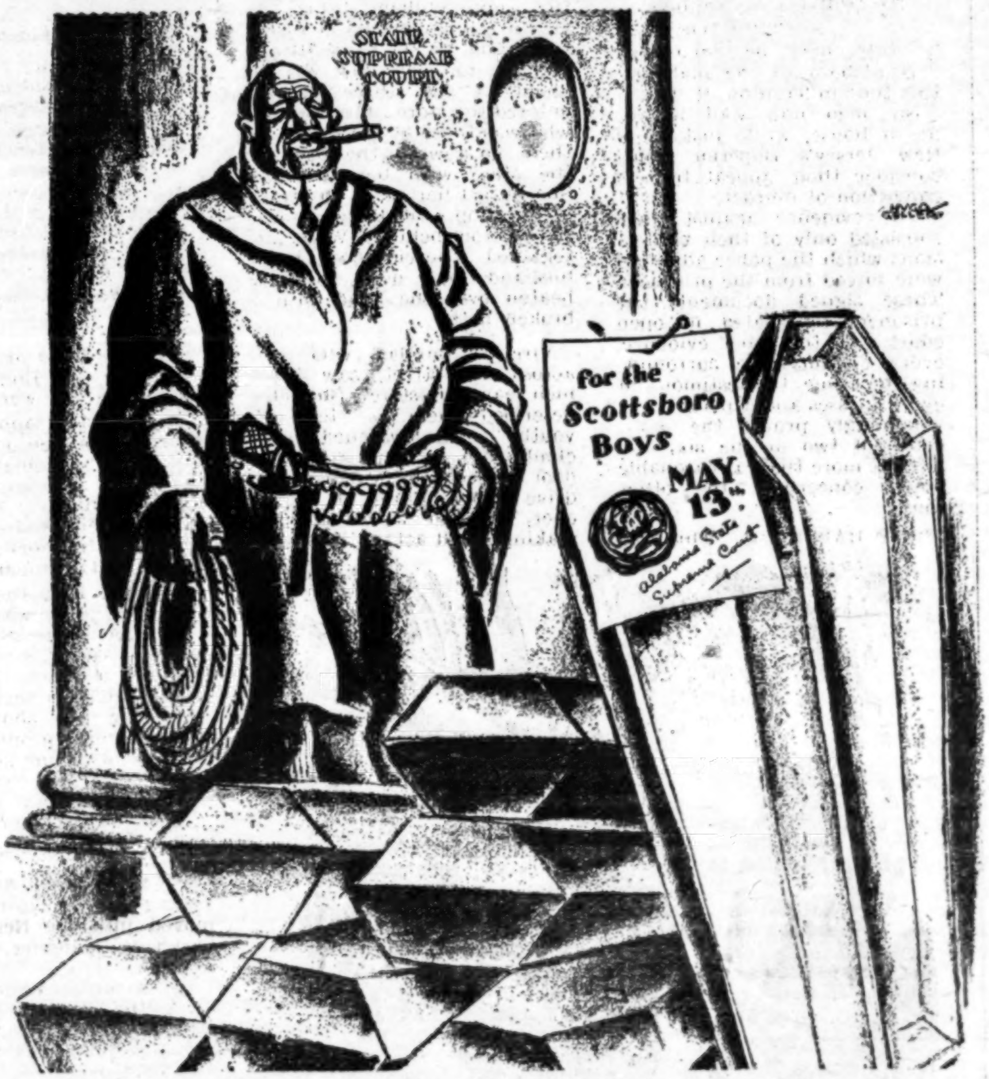

Hugo Gellert's pictorial comment on the Scottsboro case in 1932.

knew Forrest and English; Ralph Cooper, 23, and James Thorp, 24, Trenton residents who were visiting in other apartments of the house; and Horace Wilson, 37, an itinerant farmer who happened to be in the neighborhood.

None of the men ever returned home. After four days, the police proudly announced that they had cracked the Horner case, and the six men were indicted for first-degree murder.

The trial began in June before an all-white jury. It lasted for 55 days.

"A MAN DRUGGED." The prosecution produced its sheaf of confessions. In effect, it rested its entire case on them, though each prisoner vigorously refuted his statement in court. Validity of the confessions was at least made suspect by these developments: Harry Simandl, a white man and former Judge in a Newark Court, testified that he visited McKinley Forrest in prison shortly after he signed his alleged confession. Simandl swore that Forrest looked "like a man who had been drugged."

Police Captain Delate of the First Precinct testified on the stand: "I knew the truth, and I insisted on Collis English making a confession in line with the truth as I conceived it to be."

The defense produced two white witnesses. The foreman and bookkeeper of Edward Dilatush and Co., Robbinsville, N. J., testified that one of the accused, Horace Wilson, was working in their shop at the time of the murder. Isaac Katzeff, proprietor of a market, told the jury that defendant McKinley Forrest was working for him as a chicken picker at the time the crime was committed.

A third defendant, James Thorpe, had been discharged from the hospital with an amputated arm just one week before the murder. No witness mentioned a one-armed man in any account of the crime.

No witness reported more than three men at the murder scene, yet here were six men charged with the crime.

BLACK AND BLUE. Mrs. Horner, widow of the victim, who saw the supposed killers as they entered the store, failed to recognize any of them immediately after their arrest, yet identified them in court four months later. At no time did she mention a one-armed man.

Mrs. Barclay, eye-witness, described the get-away car as a "blue-green" 4-door Plymouth." The car Collis English used, branded the murder car by the prosecution, was a black 2-door Ford.

The bottle used as the murder weapon was found, but no fingerprints were detected on it.

The prosecutor protested and finally quashed the defense motion to produce the police files of Jan. 27, the day of the crime. Those files would show the descriptions of the men wanted for the crime.

While the prisoners wait in Trenton's death house, the Civil Rights Congress and the Progressive Party in that city have rallied to the defense of the six. The nation's press outside of Trenton is silent.

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South, is very much interested in the Timmins iron range. A couple of new steel mills in port towns could revive New England manufacture with accessible Canadian ore. A further potentiality is the development of a great new manufacturing area in the St. Lawrence valley.

Whatever happens the heart of the U. S. industrial midwest is in deep trouble. The end of the Mesabi range has already given the death sentence to prosperous Minnesota mining and shipping towns; Hibbing, Ely, Virginia and Duluth may become the biggest ghost cities in industrial history, with Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Aliquippa, Wheeling, Toledo, Gary and East Chicago, soon to follow them. The effect on Detroit, Cleveland, and Chicago auto and steel fabrication industries will also be profound. Cheap mass-produced steel products have been the source of U. S. industrial might and living standards.

Continued from preceding page.

press reported plans "for outlawing the Communists as a political party" and "forcing the Communists above ground."

Thomas threatened to revive the Mundt-Nixon Bill at the next session of Congress or else devise a duplicate. There were subtle changes noted in Thomas' thinking. Where a few months ago he scathingly denounced Communists for taking oaths, last week he looked again and reported: "The Communist Party no longer requires its members to take an oath to support the cause." Then, determined to be alarmed, the legislator added: "It's indicative of the Communist trend to go deeper underground in this country."

FRIGHT. Almena Davis of the Los Angeles **Tribune**, Negro newspaper, investigated details of the alleged murder by fifteen police officers of a young Negro, Herman Burns. These were her conclusions in part:

"That there is apparently no guilt for the death of Herman Burns in any of the mob of 15 or so city police officers who participated in the arrest of the three Burns brothers.

"That Herman Burns died as a result of blows about the upper part of his body, administered by means of a club of some sort.

"It is believed that Burns died of fright while resisting arrest."

Labor's Week

THE National Labor Relations Board last week swung the Taft-Hartley axe with increasing vigor. These were the results: Mass picketing henceforth is illegal, even when peaceful. According to the board such picketing has a "coercive effect."

Another ruling stipulated that when a collective bargaining election is held during a strike, scabs may vote, strikers may not.

Only break for Labor came unexpectedly from the Supreme Court which ruled against the right of an employer to grant raises in order to influence workers during an NLRB election.

Shipowners, too, used Taft-Hartley to refuse to negotiate the West Coast dock strike. The International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union, under Harry Bridges, refuse to sign the anti-Communist affidavits required by Taft-Hartley. Shipowners were cheered when hot cargo diverted from San Francisco to Tacoma was handled by AFL longshoremen who routed a CIO picket line to do the job.

SLOW BEER. New York's labor picture typified the nationwide confusion. Beer truckmen were on strike despite their union officers who were closeted with the employers in an effort to call the whole thing off. Some New Jersey beer truckers scabbed; others turned their trucks around at the Holland Tunnel and headed back.

At the week-end the Brewers' Board of Trade made what was billed as a peace offer: temporary suspension of penalties for drivers who failed to meet speed-up demands. Rank-and-filers turned it down. Ebling Brewing Co. settled with the strikers by abandoning the speed-up altogether.

Transport Workers Union President Michael Quill threatened a strike of bus drivers to demand higher fares for the bus companies. The theory is that if the bus companies get the fare boost they will pay higher wages and make good on promises of retroactive pay. Company spokesmen were silent.

Significant amid the confusion was the national conference called by pro-Wallace labor leaders, probably for Nov. 20 in Detroit.

Dim foreshadowings of unemployment were seen last week, most clearly among those with few skills or little experience. Unskilled and over 45 is the category hardest hit. Philadelphians inexplicably get into that uncomfortable bracket at 40, women at 35, statistics show. High cost of domestics puts them on the workless list for the first time in years.

GUNS AND BUTTER. If you have a share in duPont, it's gone up from $7.27 last year to $8.36 this year. Another armed peace note: A. G. Bryant, president of the National Machine Tool Builders Association, reported that it will take six months to bring the industry up to war production standards.

●

While juvenile delinquency occupied the minds of sociologists and an increase in rape and murder was seen in the headlines, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, through the magazine **This Week**, told citizens of the metropolis: "After dusk, lock your front door, turn on the television set, and settle down for the night."

BETTER LIVING

CLYDE R. MILLER

A Lesson in Human Dignity From My 8th Grade Teacher

SOMEBODY asked me the other day why I happened to be interested in academic freedom. In my adult life I have been familiar with a number of cases of the violation of the freedom to teach and to learn, but looking back through the years I suspect that an 8th Grade teacher in Columbus, Ohio, must have been a chief factor in creating this interest.

My teacher's name was Olive Flowers. She had a mind of her own and opinions of her own. She was a corking good teacher, particularly in history. She made the textbook really come to life. Olive Flowers had the faculty to make you follow with breathless interest the consolidation of the Declaration of Independence into rights and obligations set forth in the Constitution. It made one proud to be an American and to have forebears who fought in the great Revolution and who helped make our Constitution a reality.

After this thrilling adventure in the growth of our country came a shocking episode of the Alien and Sedition Laws. We learned how men were put in jail just for having opinions and for exercising their rights under the Constitution.

To this day I haven't gotten over the sense of shock that grew out of the disparity between the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights and a Congress of the United States which would pass a thought control law.

WHAT that Congress did seemed sacrilegious and monstrous and from Olive Flowers, 8th Grade teacher in the State Street School in Columbus, Ohio, I got the idea that people needed to be on the alert to defend the Constitution and to elect Congressmen who would defend it and to see that schools defended it.

These ideas grew in me through the years. Perhaps the strongest reinforcement came through association with one of America's great editors, Eric C. Hopwood of the Cleveland **Plain Dealer.** That was back in the days of World War I. He really took seriously the Canons of Journalism which place upon a newspaper the responsibility for being independent in its opinions, for truthfulness and accuracy, impartiality and fair play. I began to see as a young reporter, working under Eric Hopwood, the relationship between freedom to teach and freedom to learn in schools and the freedom of the public to learn from the press.

In the past 15 years it has seemed to me that both freedom of the press and the freedom to teach and the freedom to learn in schools have declined so that it has become increasingly difficult for citizens to know the truth about the great issues which must be decided. Sometimes school and press and radio all seem to be presenting the same propaganda with no opportunity for another voice to express itself save under threat of reprisal.

THOSE reprisals in terms of teachers losing their positions have become increasingly numerous in this period of great issues and great tensions. What is hopeful in this picture, however, is the fact that some teachers will fight against thought control and those who would enforce thought control.

Harlow Shapley of Harvard University is such a person. The Harlow Shapleys are the Galileos of our time in their fight against the same kind of authoritarianism which in Galileo's day forbade the teaching of the new astronomy in all the colleges and universities in Europe.

I rather think that is what my 8th Grade teacher, Miss Olive Flowers, and my one-time editor, Eric Hopwood, would be saying if they were here today.

CLYDE MILLER, formerly a professor at Columbia University, is an expert on propaganda analysis. Himself a political victim, he is now chairman of the Bureau on Academic Freedom of the National Council of Arts, Sciences and Professions.

Salvation Swing

Sayo Kitamura of Tokyo has invented a new jitterbug religion to put Japan on its feet. Thirty of her cultists recently met the high priestess at a railroad station with a chanting, stomping, swinging Sayo session, and heard the prophet step down and declare, "There's hell and damnation for this ruined land of maggots unless the people accept my religion."

You Can Sell A Pig, But Babies . . .?

THE farmer was standing outside his freshly painted barn when we stopped to ask the way. He was looking at a chart. It was a sun chart, and we asked him why he wanted to know about sunshine.

"My hogs need extra Vitamin D," he said. "If they ain't gettin' enough sunshine, I have to know it."

An enlightened man, we thought. Then around the corner of the barn we saw, standing outside his shabby, paintless, sagging home, the farmer's shabby, pale and sagging wife. With her was a bowlegged, ricketty baby.

The hogs, explained the farmer, were fed among other things the skim milk left over from making the butter which went to market. That began to explain the baby. The pigs got both the bone-builders—calcium and Vitamin D. The baby went without and got rickets.

But then a baby has no cash value. You can sell a pig.

At least, we thought, the farmer's marriage isn't sterile, as are increasing numbers of marriages in America. We thought about the cows yonder in the field and about the thousands of women who have repeated miscarriages, never a live baby.

Sterile cows—useless because they'll produce neither calves nor milk—are doctored with Vitamin E and respond quickly. But sterile cows are rare because the part of the wheat grain removed in making white flour (the part that contains the germ, rich in E and B-complex vitamins) is normally fed to cows. If human diet were as well planned as a cow's, many sterile marriages would be fertile.

Perhaps you've wondered why race horses are taken to eat the blue grass of Kentucky. It is not because blue grass is necessarily better than green, but because the good earth of Kentucky happens to be rich with minerals. The Department of Agriculture notes that the soil from which most large cities are fed is mineral deficient. So, therefore, are the inhabitants of the cities.

Nutrition is, or should be, "a continuous flow of material from the soil and back to the soil." An animal understands this by instinct and therefore perhaps deserves to be better fed than a man. He eats off the land; returns excessive minerals daily in his excreta, and eventually pays back in full when he dies. Our hygienic society washes daily minerals to the sea, buries the final supply, pickled in alcohol, in an iron strongbox.

Don't think that we have anything against animals. It's just that we like people too. Maybe you can't sell them but they're nice to have around.

—M. B. C. B.

Lifelines

THIS HAPPY WEED. British husbandmen, fed up with the high cost of Marshall Plan cigarettes (68 cents a pack) and other forms of the comforting weed, are now growing their own. This season several hundred thousand backyard farmers set out tobacco crops and are currently curing leaf and stem for cigars, cigarettes and pipe mixtures. Amateurs learned know-how from men who know tobacco best—French and Dutch resistance fighters who grew tobacco secretly during the Occupation.

GO BLOW YOUR HORN. Somehow the idea has got around that if you blow your nose when you have a cold you may drive the infection into the middle ear, causing ear trouble. This ain't necessarily so. During the war some 30,000 submarine trainees, many with bad colds, were subjected to pressures easily equivalent to the most violent nose-blowing without causing ear infection. GUARDIAN consulted a doctor who knows: he says ear infection is far more likely to result from promiscuous use of nose drops than from nose-blowing.

●

SOFTER—AND COSTLIER. In Boston, the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co., seeking higher rates, promised to install an invaluable attachment enabling the subscriber to adjust his telephone bell to ring loud or softly. At the same time A. T. & T. started a campaign nationally, for higher rates, without promising the rest of us the soothing Boston gadget. At week's end, no device other than consumer resistance had been suggested to soften the brassy ring of T. & T. rate demands.

●

BEHIND THE IRON BICYCLE. Soviet production of bicycles, as well as sewing machines, radios, watches and aluminum kitchen ware, is now above prewar levels, according to Allied Labor News. New plants located near sources of raw materials, and special premiums paid to workers, technicians and managers, have contributed to greater output of needs ranging from buttons and fountain pens to metal furniture.

●

FLUORESCENT DON'TS. Don't let children fool around with discarded fluorescent light tubes. The insides of the things are coated with a powder called a phosphor which, according to the U. S. Public Health Service, "will delay the healing of wounds." In the case of fluorescent lamps, the wound may be caused by careless handling of burned-out tubes. A small boy who used one for a baseball bat got nasty cuts when the tube shattered, then his wounds developed "granuloma", or chronic inflammation.

●

FALL COLOR NOTE. Without a single dissent because of red implications, newspapers last week featured National Cranberry Week to help growers out from under the biggest bumper crop in history. The season's expected 874,000 barrels will be 200,000 barrels higher than the average for the last ten years. Oversupply should knock retail prices down by 20 to 30 percent under last year's. If this doesn't happen, GUARDIAN suggests letting the cranberry crowd hold the barrel.

●

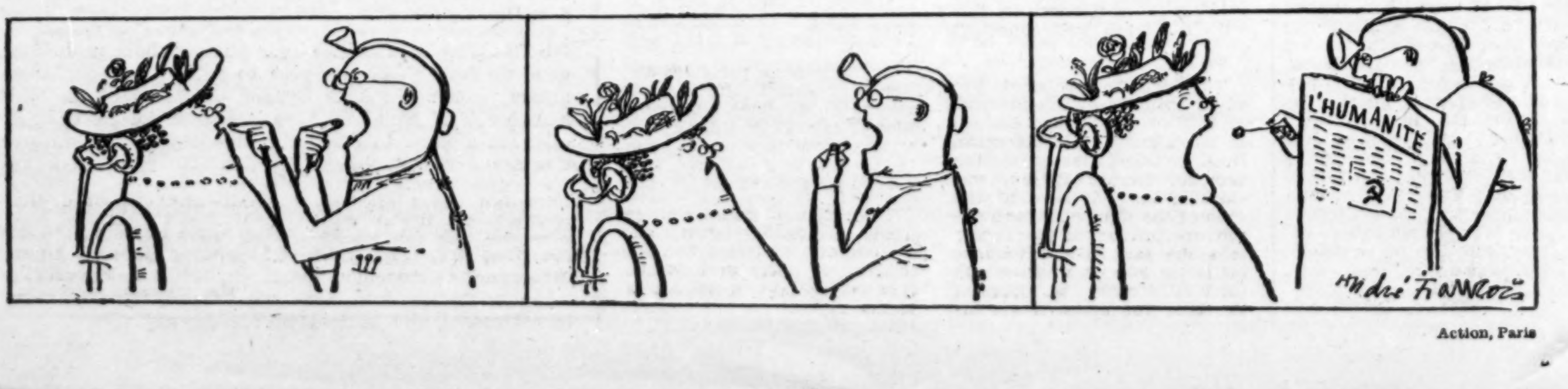
SHOES PINCH? If it pinches your pocket to buy shoes at $16 to $25 a pair, Consumers Union says you can get a better economic fit and just as much quality at Montgomery Ward's for $7.98 by mail order or $8.95 in retail stores.

●

CO-OP COUP. Flint, Mich., consumers have taken the price situation into their own hands by starting their own Co-op which is already figuring on opening up a coalyard and a gas station. Their grocery prices are an average of eight percent lower than those in two major chain stores, according to a shopping survey conducted by Federated Press. Also, the Co-op stores bar racial discrimination in hiring of help.

●

GO NORTH, YOUNG MAN. Up in Canada, average monthly rent per family is $27.43. Down our way, in greater New York for instance, 25,288 families who thought they were protected by rent control were forced to pay 15 percent more rent in the first six months of this year under the "voluntary" provisions of the Housing and Rent Act of 1948.



Action, Paris

BETTER LIVING

The Dollar Stretcher

Price Cuts in Men's Clothing

LAST week one of the country's biggest ready-made men's clothing chains, Crawford Clothes, cut suit and coat prices 20 per cent across the board. Not only tweeds and wool cheviot were included but the hard worsteds, serge, sharkskin, and gabardine, which have been most in demand.

Crawford's step was the first dramatic admission of a widespread slowdown in the men's clothing business from the mill to the sales floor. Other retailers will have to follow. The customers aren't buying because so much of their income is grabbed off by rising food prices, rents, and other basics even more essential than suits.

One-fifth off on suits and overcoats doesn't mean inflation is over: it is merely an adjustment of the manufacturers to some of the new facts of life, a rising volume of military uniform orders, and a temporary reduction of production in civilian lines. Consumption can't stay at its present low level, because the blokes with their elbows wearing out of an old suit are going to be forced into the market again.

The price cuts mean unemployment in the mills. The shutdown of Textron mills at Nashua, N.H. [see **Paul Sweezy**, page 10] has been followed by layoffs at Bates of Lewiston, Me., the Berkshire Spinning Associates and others. The postwar profiteering of the clothing industry was bound to result in the little double-breasted bust we are seeing.

SHIRTS DOWN. The story is the same in shirts: the postwar five-buck poplin has given way to a fairly reliable broadcloth going for as low as $2.39. This year's overflowing cotton harvest and lower mill prices helped push shirts down.

SHOE SLUMP. Men are buying less shoes, but prices have been staying as is by means of cuts in production: one big men's shoe plant recently went on a four-day week.

HOW TO PLAY THE PRICE CUTS. A fellow is justified in picking up a marked-down suit and some shirts if he absolutely needs them now; a rush of buyers would send the prices right back where they were. On a new topcoat or overcoat sweat it out until after Armistice Day, when clearance sales start on coats.

FAMILY STEEL GOODS. Rising prices on raw steel plus the usurpation of domestic production by military orders, plus the depletion of U.S. ore reserves, is shoving up cars, home construction steel, refrigerators, radios, and gadgets. At the moment radios and appliances are eased off by price cuts, as reported last week, but the ceiling is not in sight on refrigerators and cars.

The situation is not going to get better as the arms orders take more and more mill production. Automobile industrialists are talking about small cars which use half the steel the present models demand. Paradoxically, smaller cars would greatly ease the universal city traffic and parking problem. Oblique parking of smaller cars would comfortably double existing street parking capacity.

STEAM IRONS BACKING UP. Steam Electric Co. is fishing for a price women will pay for the Pacemaker steam iron. Various cities offer the Pacemaker at $11.95, $12.95 and $13.95, and in St. Louis it's $8.95.

The Scientists Fight Back

WHAT group will be next? The week before last it was teachers (GUARDIAN, Oct. 18). Now the scientists are pushing up their defenses against slanders and persecution.

The Federation of American Scientists last week set up a special committee on loyalty problems to advise members on their rights in loyalty witch-hunts, to defend them against smears and to lead in the fight against the blacklisting of any scientist who happens to be politically to the left of King George III or intellectually more advanced than J. Parnell Thomas.

Denouncing the "unsubstantiated public defamation of scientists," the committee also attacked the use of the doctrine of guilt by association. "The atmosphere of dread smothers work, drives scientists from government and destroys much of the vitality of science," its report continues. Dr. Henry D. Smyth, author of the famous "Smyth Report on Atomic Energy," speaking for the committee, called attention to the attacks on Dr. Edward U. Condon as a typically "vicious type of character assassination."

The extent of the alarm felt by the scientists is reflected by the widespread sponsorship of the committee. In addition to Dr. Smyth, Dr. Albert Einstein and Prof. Oswald Veblen of Princeton, it includes:

Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard; Dr. Harold C. Urey of the University of Chicago; Prof. Stuart Mudd of the University of Pennsylvania; John H. Northrup of Rockefeller Institute; Drs. W. A. Higginbotham and S. A. Goudsmit of the Brookhaven National Laboratory; Prof. M. Stanley Livingston of M.I.T.

Cotton Patch Charlie Says

WELL sir, us old-timers was sitin under a big Oak tree not far from Clint (Fish Eye) Clenon's Cabin, givin our barefeet a dust bath and talkin about all the good things the white-folks promised us in their Campaign speeches, such as "a little more Democracy."

"I dont believe a dang word of it!" says Firebush Reunion. "Just go up to our Town and try it. There are two or three Resturants in evry Block and a Negro cant get as much as a Sandwich in the whole Town. And it is a Republican Town, they are suposed to be our party, our best Friends."

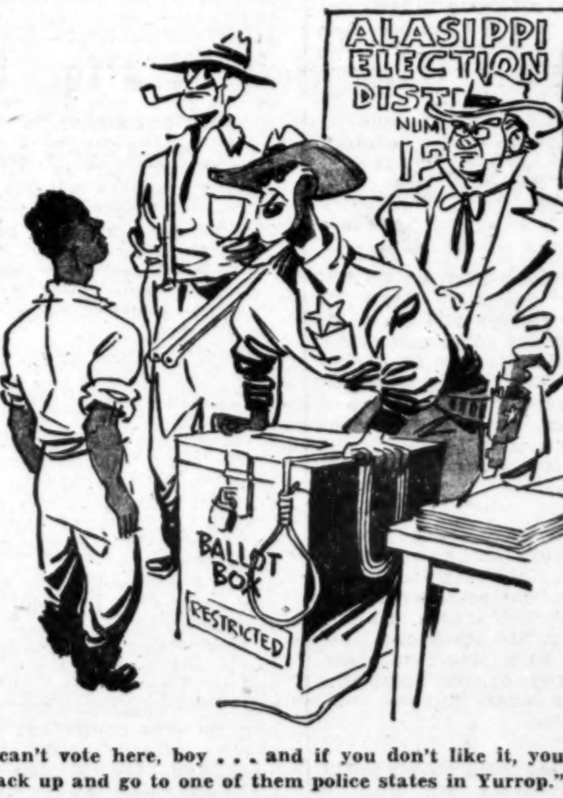
"Maybe they have decided to do better" says Joe Flem, "since Truman put em on the spot." "Truman!" says Sis Cowley, "he dont mean nothin to us. Talkin about Civil rights, He was up ther wher they make them laws in thet ther place called the Sinate, and he didint think about us then, and I dont want to hear none of his spoutin now." "I think Mr. Wallace is scarin Hell out of the whole Mess," says Hank Tripp.

SO while we was trying to figur how we could test things out, so as to know whether we realy had more Democracy, three car loads of white folks drives in among us. Thinkin it was a Mob, as that was what it has always meant when we see a crowd of whites drive into a Negro Comunity, men and women and kids began to scatter in excitement.

But it turned out to be a group of Quakers from the American Friends Service who have a summer Camp, and building comunity house for some white workers at Lilbourn, about 50 miles from us. We have a little CO-OP here and they wanted to see us, and how we ran our Livestock Co-Op. After they made themselves known to us, we had a big time—both old folks and kids.

SOMEHOW the news got out among the white-folks of our comunity, and early this morning the Rev. Marcus Mocasin, Penticost Pastor, was here to see us. He pointed out that we had been a mighty good bunch of darkies, and advised us to keep these Furners out from among us, before they get us in bad in the comunity, sayin it was contrary to our (the southern whites) way of life.

As I see it, 90% of our white Minsters and lots of our Negro Minsters preach Democracy, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of Man, but goes into ang-bangs when they see it in action. We dont care what they don't allow, we're goin pratice it anyhow. They might as well get a Step-ladder and try to grease the moon with Vick salves, as to try to stop freedom-lovin people from gettin together once and awhile.



"You can't vote here, boy . . . and if you don't like it, you can pack up and go to one of them police states in Yurrop."

'STOP THE DRIFT'

THE Soviet peoples, who know what war is like, want peace, but where are they drifting? The American people want a settled world, but where are they drifting? We British want to recover from our wounds and then have some time and energy to spare for a little fun, but where are we drifting? . . . We all believe in democracy, and every swirl of the tide carries us farther from it.

Find and denounce the Great Plot if you can; but while there is yet time, stop the drift . . . stop the drift!

J. B. Priestley
New Statesman and Nation

Milk At 7 Cents A Quart!

ON PAGE 11 FELLOWS

OUR best single food is a good glass of milk. Milk is more than 20 cents a quart throughout the U.S. How would you like to buy it for seven cents a quart?

Dry skim milk can almost do the trick at half the price. Powdered skim, or "non-fat dry milk solids," lacks only the fat of whole milk. It gives the proteins, calcium and B-vitamins. Overseas GIs got a lot of powdered whole milk which isn't as good as powdered skim—has a "boiled milk" taste even in cooked foods. Mess sergeants, anyway, don't know the tricks for using it.

It makes dandy milk shakes and cocoa. It fortifies every kind of baked food, from bread to meat loaf. If the kids leave their glass of milk half-emptied, deceive the little devils by stirring dry milk into half a glass of whole milk and do the work of a full tumbler. The fact that it lacks fat makes it just the item for pregnant women and reducing diets. It is widely used commercially by bakers, confectioners and makers of cheese and sausage. It is a by-product of butter and cream: thousands of tons of skim milk are fed to pigs, or just dumped in the U.S.

Dry milk runs about 32 cents a pound. A pound makes five quarts when mixed with water. If you spread margarine thicker on your bread, using an extra ½ lb. for every lb. of dry skim, you get the full content of five quarts of milk, including the fat. With margarine at 46c a lb., that still gives you whole-milk equivalent at 11c a quart.

Local grocers and dairies sell dry skim. If they don't have it, four-pound packages (20 quarts) are sold by mail from Eastern Cooperatives, Inc., 44 W. 143d St., New York 30, at $1.24 plus postage. It keeps well on the shelf.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES

CHARACTERS

"WE'RE now in a crisis," said **Minerva Bernardino**, Dominican Republic UN delegate, in Paris. Her solution: Let the men stop talking so much and give the women a chance.

•

Mrs. Charles Bradshaw of Raleigh, N. C., hurriedly called off a cocktail party for her finishing-school class mate, **Margaret Truman.** "It might cost the President votes," scolded the Democratic Party chairman of that predominantly dry region. "I guess the party was just called the wrong thing," said Mrs. Bradshaw sadly.

To bobbysox correspondents who complained that "all the boys want to kiss on the first date," advice came from **Elizabeth Woodward** of the Chicago **Daily News.** "Have an amusing conversation about it," she wrote, "and come up with some tantalizing excuses for postponing the clinch." For further enlightenment, see **E. Woodward's** "free booklet, 'Why Neck?' "

•

Seth Ramkrishma Dalmia, millionaire industrialist of India, offered a $15,000 annual prize for the best idea on peace through world government. Eligible contestants: "any person, including Communists."

Breaking 10 years of sartorial austerity, England's **King George** will wear his red velvet robes and crown for the opening of Parliament this Tuesday — **Queen Elizabeth,** evening dress and a tiara. Asks an irreverent London press gossip: "Might it be to scare the Russians?"

•

Wally Fary had a horse in his room in London, England. He was fined $8 for "keeping a nuisance in his room." He told the court that he was "too tired to put the horse in a stable at night, and anyway, the horse was good company."

•

Failing in his efforts to kill his mistress, 58, with a sickle, **Alphone Orcel,** 31, of Lyon, France, went mad and was taken to an asylum.

•

Indignant at the over-brutality of a picador in a bullfight at Beziers, France, **Georges Durand** flung a bottle at him. **Suzanne Garcia, 17,** whom the bottle struck on the head, was rushed to hospital; Durand to jail.

PAUL SWEEZY

This Is the Story of Pierre—Just a Guy Who Works in a New England Mill

NASHUA, N. H.

MIX up Pierre, Textron and Nashua, N. H., and you have a big dose of bad medicine.

Pierre is the man through whom we see this story, a textile worker who is going to lose his job in a few weeks. That isn't his name. He doesn't want his name published in the paper because somebody might think he's a Red or something, and he doesn't know where the next job is coming from.

Textron is a vast textile combine put together and run by a shrewd financial operator named Royal Little, who works out of Providence, R. I. Textron is a big outfit and it get bigger by buying up smaller outfits.

Nashua is one of the earliest centers of the American cotton manufacturing industry, about 20 miles south of Manchester. Some 3,500 people live in Nashua, and something like one-fourth of them have their fates entwined with Textron.

IF YOU want a background effect, you can deploy 3,500 Textron workers as a sort of Greek chorus while the story comes through Pierre. He is a square-cut guy who got married to a nice Nashua girl in the early days of the New Deal, when textiles began to pick up a little.

"My grandparents," he says, "came to New England with the earliest French-Canadian immigrants. After the Civil War they heard about job possibilities in the cotton mils and decided to try their luck. A Nashua Manufacturing Company agent got hold of them on the train, and they agreed to get off at Nashua."

Housing was terrible in those days (Pierre grins as he notes the irony in that remark), the hours were long, wages low. But at least his grandfolks had a little spending money. They stuck it out, and more French-Canadians joined them. By 1890 a quarter of the Nashuans were French-Canadians.

Pierre's father and mother grew up in Nashua and started working in the mills when they were young.

"When us kids were coming," Pierre says, "my mother quit working, but the old man kept on until 1922. That was a big year in textiles, and it certainly was for my old man. The boom from World War I was over, and the southern competition was cutting in hard all over New England.

"New Hampshire manufacturers cut wages 20 per cent and went back to the 54-hour week. The workers struck. They won on some points, but a lot of the most active strikers were blacklisted. My old man, who had hardly ever worked in the union before, was one of them. He tried for a while to get back into the mills, but finally he gave up and took a job as a janitor."

PIERRE was on then as a learner. About all he remembers of the next 10 years is speed-up and wage-cut. The union took a beating and the workers lost spirit.

"Well," says Pierre, "when the New Deal came along things started happening — it was almost like magic. The union was back, business picked up, wages increased, hours were cut. My girl and I decided to get married. Oh, there was still plenty of unemployment, but at least we felt like human beings even if we were on a WPA job or getting an unemployment insurance check."

In 1936 the giant Amoskeag mill in Manchester closed down after having been carefully stripped by its Boston owners, tossing some 8,000 workers on the street. Pierre recalls that the crash sent a shudder through Nashua. But the Nashuans reminded themselves that Amoskeag was owned by absentee capitalists, while the Nashua Manufacturing Co. was held locally, for the most part.

> From Royston, Ga., comes word that "substantial citizens" had scheduled a pajama parade in a "Progress Day" fete Saturday.
>
> Occasion for this rousing demonstration was the establishment in the town of a new plant of Textron Southern, Inc., which manufactures men's pajamas and shorts.

There had always been rumors that Nashua would liquidate and move south, but nobody put stock in them. The company held on through the 1930's and shared the prosperity of World War II. Pierre made good money and even saved some.

THAT was the way things stood toward the end of 1945 when Textron (proprietor, Mr. Royal Little of Providence) bought control of the Nashua Manufacturing Co.

Textron began stripping Nashua at once of its cash and liquid assets. A big inventory of raw cotton was sold at a nice profit; Nashua coin clinked into distant Textron corporate pockets. By summer, 1947, jobs had been cut from 5,000 to 4,000. Then Textron announced a plan to reduce costs by $2,000,000 within a year, largely through speed-up. The textile union warned that the plan would fail, and it did.

And so Pierre comes to the approaching finale of the Nashua drama. On Sept. 13, 1948, Textron announced it would close down the Nashua mills at the end of the year. That produced a lot of headlines and indignation. New Hampshire's Scripture-quoting Senator Charles W. Tobey moved in with a Senate committee and put Royal Little on the stand in the Nashua High School auditorium. Mr. Little said he'd try to keep the sheeting mill open with 1,000 workers for another year, but if it isn't netting 10 per cent on the investment before taxes by then, he'll quit altogether.

To bring costs down to a level competitive with the South, said Mr. Little, workloads would have to be stepped up in some cases by more than 100 per cent.

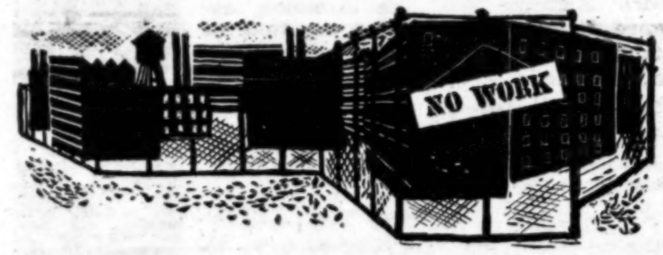
"I DON'T know anything about the southern mills," says Pierre," but people are people north or south, the way I see it, and what he's proposing is simple murder."

He shrugged. "I work in blankets, not sheets, and I'm done for anyhow. I don't think Textron ever really intended to stay in Nashua. If there were other jobs, Nashua would probably be better off for seeing the last of Textron and Royal Little. But where are the jobs?"

Pierre has heard about the Progressive Party of New Hampshire proposing a plan for locally-owned industries to be financed through state credit. He thinks it's fine for a lot of citizens all over the country to get excited about the way absentee Textron has messed up Nashua's life. But he has grown cynical since FDR died and the little men took over.

It is perhaps the paradox and challenge of America that with disaster lying directly ahead, Pierre isn't even sure he'll vote in this election.

PAUL SWEEZY, former teacher of economics at Harvard University, is the author of "The Theory of Capitalist Development" and other books.



Conversation in A London Pub

"NO," I said, "you've got to make war with people, and nobody can convince me that the people of Western Europe will fight again for at least a generation."

"Despite the headlines?" asked Hugh. "Despite the politicians?"

I shifted again to shut out a young soldier who was leaning against the bar and screwing round to try to join in our conversation.

"What do you think, soldier?" Hugh asked. "Are you spoiling to fight?"

"I just can't wait," the man said. "The balloon's got to go up, so why can't it go up now?" He was a lieutenant and wore the black buttons of an English Rifle Regiment, but his accent was American.

"Why the Rifle Brigade uniform?" I asked.

"I was at West Point," he said, "and there was no war there, so I volunteered for the R.B.'s in '40."

"And didn't transfer when the Americans came in?"

"There's six of us didn't transfer," he said. "Now I'm with Special Air Support, Major Farran."

"Who?" Hugh asked, leaning forward.

"Roy Farran," the young man said. "A pretty famous soldier."

"So that's what he's doing now," Hugh said, thinking of the headlines in the notorious Palestine case, Farran's acquittal for murdering a young Jew, and the unsuccessful plot to assassinate him which killed his brother instead.

"I'm just waiting for the balloon to go up," the young man said. "We all are."

"Why?"

"There's no future," he said. "We can't plan till it's all over."

"Maybe you can't," I said, "but I can. I've work to do. For a quarter of my life there's been a war on. I want to get on with my work in peace."

"You don't call this peace?" he queried.

"I don't call it war. We can stand in this pub and drink a pint without the fear of being blown to smithereens before closing time."

A shadow darkened his face. "My wife was blown to smithereens by a flying bomb," he said. "Till then I didn't know what war was about." He drew a finger down the scar which ran the length of his cheek. "That was a bit of a 25-pounder. I got a bullet in my back, and one leg's shattered. But I didn't know, not till they killed her with a flying bomb."

"And because the Nazis did that to you, you want to fight the Russians?" I asked.

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he said. "I'm not political. I'm a regular soldier. I just fight whom I'm told to fight."

"And the only job you've been taught is killing?" asked Hugh.

"There's no peace," he said thickly. "There's no future."

"And there isn't, for him," Hugh muttered as we left the pub.

"Nor for any of us," I said, "once one of his mob sends the balloon up."

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

GUARDIAN'S Progress

For Everybody

FOR fact-hungry progressives the advent last week of National Guardian was fulfillment of long expectation.

Letters from every part of the United States testified to the nationwide demand for an independent progressive newsweekly.

The flood of mail actually started back in August, soon after our Preview Issue showed up unannounced and unexpected in mailboxes in every state.

Preachers, doctors, housewives, lawyers, judges, storekeepers, businessmen, students—everybody and his Four Friends showed up on subscription blanks. The mail brought in ten, 20, as many as 32 subscriptions in a single letter. A grocer in Oshkosh, Nebraska (pop. 910) sent 24. A New Orleans reader sent several subs by return mail as soon as he got the Preview, and since has followed up with 11 more letters and 30-odd subs.

THE letters from first-readers provided something else—a salesman's dream—probably the most enthusiastic mailing list in history: names, names and more names of prospects for the Guardian. People went through their address books and telephone lists. They sent in names of friends, relatives, family doctors, ministers, the corner grocer, even political antagonists as potential Guardian readers.

No 90-day wonder, National Guardian has been three years in the making. It began in 1945 on a B-17 bound from Frankfurt to Bremen. On board were Cedric Belfrage and Jim Aronson, assigned by the Allied forces the task of setting up democratic newspapers in defeated Germany.

The two journalists decided away back then that the job of setting up a democratic press would also need doing back home after the war.

Nearly three years later they got together in the States and buckled down to the job of launching National Guardian.

SUBS
SUBS
SUBS
SUBS

LEISURE

Why American Films Seem Foreign Even to Americans

BRITISH film critic Joan Lester (Reynolds News) dropped in to see Hollywood's **Miracle of the Bells** at London's Tivoli Theater and came up with these comments:

"I am sure that thousands of people in this country [and in the world, she might have said], after seeing such films as **Open City** and **To Live in Peace** [both Italian], have been moved by their rich, warm humanity, and through them have come closer to understanding the Italian people.

"Why is it, then, that American sentiment can be so embarrassing and American ideas, as expressed on the screen, so incomprehensibly foreign in spite of language similarity?"

"CRUDE." Critic Joan Lester then proceeded to do an expert dissecting job on **Miracle of the Bells** and the motives of its Hollywood makers.

"Crude, embarrassing, blasphemous," she called it, and went on to observe:

"If such films were merely naive they would be understandable, even a little touching. Adjectives like 'adolescent' only partly explain these strange products.

"Core of such stories is that money making, feminine sex appeal and notoriety are the basic ideals — with the U.S.A. the ideal country because it offers ideal opportunities for their pursuit.

"But film makers, like other good Americans, suffer uneasiness at their own ideals, symptomized by attempts to identify the Deity with the Golden Calf and a hasty veneer of Mother's Day, True Love and Democracy to cover their ruthlessness."

TENDER. Not "incomprehensibly foreign" to American film audiences, but rather warm, rich, colorful and real was a British film which came to the U. S. last week for a premiere at Broadway's modest Bijou Theater.

It was called **Red Shoes**, a tender tale of the tough going one has to endure to shine for a brief hour in an art medium such as the ballet.

Ballet in Britain enjoys wide popularity with the "pit and gallery" people—as against its more-or-less cultish appreciation in America. Nevertheless, **Red Shoes** translates beautifully into American despite the unfamiliarity of the ballet medium because of the realness of its people and the intensity of their devotion to their art.

Red Shoes is the work of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, producer team which gave us **Colonel Blimp**, **Stairway to Heaven** and numerous films of fine quality during the war. Their unique use of Technicolor, first demonstrated to U. S. audiences in **Colonel Blimp**, is again a most important adjunct to the full appreciation of their film. Their leading lady, Moira Shearer, is no cinema star; she's a red-haired ballet dancer picked not for looks but because she can dance. When they show her in backstage makeup, it is not with the intention of beautifying her but rather to let you, the audience, see and feel the thick, plastery appliqué of greasepaint as fellow actors see each other behind the footlights.

WAIT FOR IT. The story borrows freely from the legends of the world-famous ballet master Serge Diaghileff. Its ballet scenes are exquisitely done and, when the scene shifts to the French Riviera, background of much of the story, the seedy, weedy grandeur of the place is its own best Technicolor makeup.

Red Shoes is distributed in the U. S. by Eagle-Lion Films, Inc. It is a film worth waiting for, as well for its own poignant loveliness as for the point it makes in support of the contentions of the British film critic, Joan Lester, quoted earlier: that films humanly presenting other peoples and their strivings can often be less foreign and more real to us than our own Hollywood-made misrepresentations of ourselves.

Sliding Back

Last year, when Mississippi State invoked its Bilbo segregation laws against University of Nevada's Negro backfield stars, Nevada promptly cancelled the game.

Last week Oklahoma pulled the same sort of segregation law on Nevada's Negro backs Sherman Howard and Alva Tabor, key men in the Reno Wolfpack's T-System plays.

This time Nevada backslid, announced that it would go through with the game at Tulsa despite Oklahoma's jimcrow ban on Howard and Tabor.

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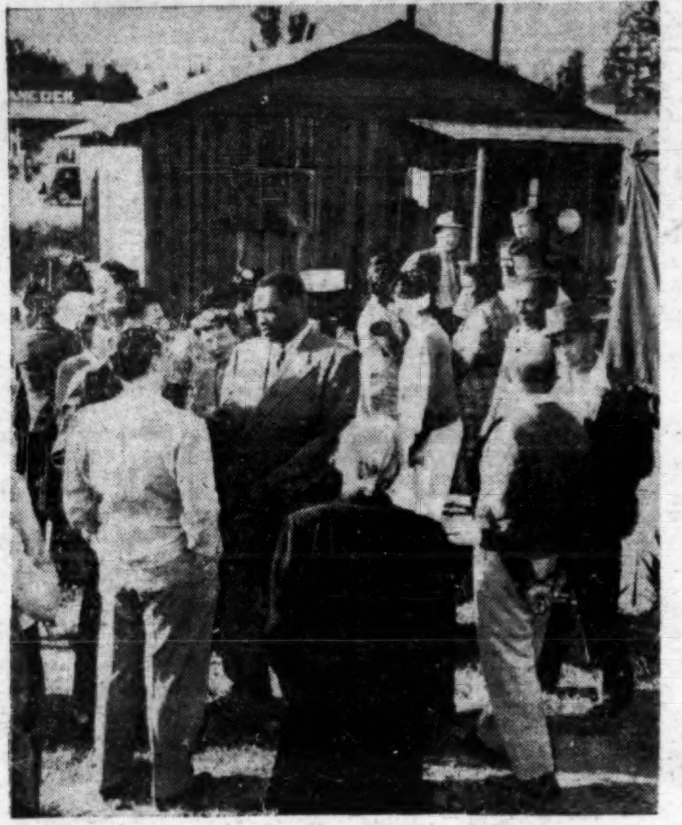

World-famous artist Paul Robeson, who has given up concert and stage appearances to campaign for Wallace and Taylor, visiting the Ferry St. Bridge slums near Eugene, Oregon, on his nationwide tour for the Progressive ticket.

THEATRE

Broadway Gets the Bird— One Turkey After Another

THE first month or so of the 1948-49 theater season in this era of grave decision have now gone by, and the New York **Times'** august drama critic, Brooks Atkinson, has been moved to remark the opening month as a period of "the most gruesome theatregoing in recent memory."

This reviewer, after 30 years of professional playgoing, is inclined to agree.

Here we are at the climax of an election year, with the prospect of four years ahead of planned or inadvertent stupidities or worse. The world wavers on the brink of atomization. Jail doors yawn for free citizens refusing to try for the $64 question. Yet in the first month of this fateful season, the theater's best efforts have been **Small Wonder**, a flicker of laughter at the Coronet Theater; and **Edward, My Son**, a cellophane drama of towering irrelevance at the Martin Beck.

CHARLEY'S GRANDMA. — October thus far has yielded up nothing more urgent. Past prize-winner Tennessee Williams (**Glass Menagerie; A Streetcar Named Desire**) offers a vague set of ruminations on our Southern manners (this time it's Mississippi) in something called **Summer and Smoke** at the Music Box Theater. And last fortnight the '48-'49 roster was joined by a George Abbott farcical based on **Charley's Aunt.** This time out, at the St. James, they call it **Where's Charley?.**

Where's Charley?, along with the rest of the aimless 1948 theater season, inevitably raises the more arresting question, "Where's The American Playwright?"

The stage today strikes one as a refuge for the timid and the aged. During the war most of our seasoned dramatists had to ask to be excused from serious effort. The apologists said they really could not be expected to be lucid at that moment because in wartime things are kind of unclear.

TIME'S UP! Well, after the war is now. If things are not clear, there is at least a world of uncertainty demanding clarification.

Are America's serious playwrights again going to ask to be let off because there is so much commotion they can't hear themselves think?

The theater has not always begged the question thus.

In recent days, as eras come and go, the New Deal and the times that created it brought a note of hope to our theater. Young playwrights with determination, if not all the skills, braved the word "propaganda" and hacked away at the job of trying to change the world just a little for the better. From a theater which, under the spell of the Noel Cowards et al, had narrowed down to some kind of a select gymnasium for the exercise of a few $4.40 minds, the energetic playcrafters of the New Deal era began to build something new and exciting—and accessible to the public. We had an FDR, we had a Federal Theater.

It was fun, it was functional, it had the beginnings of a true people's theater grappling with the people's problems. But it was lynched by the little men of Congress because it spoke for the people more honestly than they.

So today—with the world in the throes of the most tormenting problems which have ever confronted humanity — the high-priced American theater asks us **Where's Charley?**

Now is indeed the time for all or even just a couple of good dramatists to come to the aid of civilization.

Arthur Pollock

LEISURE

BOOKS

New Clubs Offer Bargain Bests

TWO new low-cost book clubs have recently joined the field with Book Find Club and now all three are experiencing something of a bargain-basement rush for their wares.

Book Find, 401 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y., is the outfit which discovered the season's biggest best seller, Norman Mailer's **The Naked and the Dead.** Book Find subscribers pay $1.79 each including postage for a minimum of four books a year. In addition you get a free book from among the Club's past selections when you sign up. (Don't ask for **The Naked and the Dead**, however, because the Club's supply of this has long since run out.) The up-coming Book Find selection is **Warlords of Washington**, an expose of the big-business brass in government, by Bruce Catton, onetime aide in the information division of the War Production Board.

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Our Book Club, 133 W. 44 St., New York 18, N. Y. offers four selections a year, plus a dividend book when you join plus another if you sign up for a year in advance ($6). The first Our Book Club selection is a rare anthology of short stories about American labor, called **Our Lives** and edited by Joseph Gaer, one of the original CIO-PAC pamphleteers in 1944, author of **The First Round** and **What Uncle Sam Owes You.**

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Our Lives contains 32 stories by such authors as Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, John Steinbeck, Frank Norris, Howard Fast, Thomas Wolfe, O. Henry. If you order a single Our Book selection, you pay $1.50 plus a few cents postage on receipt (in this case for a $3 book).

Free books you may choose at present from among George Seldes' **1000 Americans; People's Song Book; What Is Life,** by J. B. S. Haldane; **The Horn and the Roses,** by Ira Wallach; **Skinny Angel,** by Thelma Jones; **Six Seconds a Year,** by Frederick Laing; **I. G. Farben,** by Richard Sasuly; **Alice in Wonderland** and (for yearly subscribers only) Milton Crane's **The Roosevelt Era,** a $4.75 book.

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Liberty Book Club, 220 W. 42 St., New York 18, N. Y. has a flat price of $1.20 per selection plus 15 cents postage. It selects a book a month. The first selection was Michael Blankfort's **The Big Yankee**, a life of Evans Carlson, the "Gung Ho" Marine raider and Army commander. The November selection is Alexander Saxton's **The Great Midland,** a book regarded by Howard Fast as "the finest and most important novel done by any American writer in the latter half of the fourth decade." It is ordinarily a $3 book. October's book was **The Good Yeoman,** by Jay Williams. Liberty Book Club will also occasionally reissue out-of-print works such as Upton Sinclair's **The Jungle.**

NEWSREELS

The Trewey-Dooman Story

INCLUDED in newsreel releases received by U. S. movie houses last week were two 9-minute inserts entitled respectively **The Dewey Story** and **The Truman Story**—to be run Dewey first, then Truman.

Each was made by one of the big-five newsreel outfits and placed at the disposal of the rest via the regular newsreel "pool." A check of the newsreel companies disclosed that no Wallace story is planned, nor are treatments of J. Strom Thurmond, Farrell Dobbs or even Norman Thomas, long-distance record holder among presidential aspirants.

Newsreel policy with respect to politics is self-determined, according to the movie industry's ruling Motion Picture Assn. of America (MPAA, or Eric Johnston office).

PURE CELLULOID. The newsreels have complete freedom of expression, just like a newspaper on film, MPAA says, adding the pious hope that this exemplary state of affairs will continue under our free enterprise system in the good old U.S.A. However, MPAA was of course pleased with the newsreel companies' impartiality in the situation and hoped this, too, would continue.

Who the newsreel companies were impartial against in 1948 was as clear in the Truman-Dewey situation as in the time of the Upton Sinclair EPIC movement in California in the Thirties. At that time the newsreel companies, steered by the ad-agency set and cheered by $1,000,000-a-year studio heads, Associated Farmers, etc., did a memorably "impartial" job on Upton Sinclair as a people's candidate for governor, effectively stopping the EPIC movement from trampling out the West Coast vineyards where the Grapes of Wrath were stored.

CANNED. Last week's Dewey-Truman Stories were landing with expected dull thuds in theatres which bothered to show them. In Dixiecrat areas the two reels mostly stayed in their cans. In other areas, complaints piled up from customers demanding a Wallace story, as well as Trewey-Dooman.

For Wallaceites and others, however, **The Dewey Story** had at least one rewarding sequence which to many looked like subtle scuttling in the production department. At a point where Republican bombast had reached what seemed a zenith, a shot of a little girl appears, squatting serenely on a lawn reading a child's book entitled, of all things, **The White-Washed Elephant.**

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